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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE DARIAC REPORT

THE Dariac report, from which we quote elsewhere in this issue, has been published in full, since our translations were made, in the *Manchester Guardian*; and to judge from such comments as have reached our desk from the British press, it has caused a profound shock to public opinion in that country, just at the time when a greater harmony between England and France seems in a fair way of attainment. Naturally, the *Manchester Guardian* itself condemns vigorously the policy advocated by M. Dariac and apparently approved tacitly by the present French Cabinet. It says: 'The report is a nightmare of frank brutality. . . . If we were to suppose that the ulterior motives of the French Government were akin to those of M. Dariac, — which we decline to believe, — then the future would be black indeed.'

The Nation and the Athenæum, representing the same liberal attitude as the *Guardian* and consistently friendly to Germany, naturally views the report in an identical light. 'M. Dariac elaborately explains the aim of the illegal French seizure of the three towns and of the continued tenure of the Rhine provinces. The grand object is to "disorganize" the German industry in the Ruhr and to "cut it in two," and "to detach the Rhineland from Germany." This policy is only to be described as an act of assassination of Europe. If the French Government accepts it, there is bound to be a state of the greatest tension and danger between England and France.'

The *Outlook* comments: 'This report, read in the light of the fact that France stands pledged to evacuate the Rhineland when the Reparations are paid, indicates clearly that a disguised annexation is planned,' and hopes that Poincaré 'will see that everyone outside his country is tired of watching France try to constitute herself a constant menace to Germany, and, through Germany, to the rest of the world.'

The *Spectator*, while withholding detailed comment for a future occasion, feels assured that Poincaré 'will never attempt to adopt any proposal so mad and so wrong. He will realize that to do so would mean the breaking of the whole spirit of the Versailles settlement, involve the direst risks to the peace of the world, and play directly into the hands of the German militarists.'

Even the Tory and strongly Gallophile *Saturday Review*, while minimizing the 'purported' report, considers it necessary to observe: 'It is unfortunate

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that M. Poincaré, who has recently shown a disposition to be reasonable in other questions, — like the Near East, — should have received such a report, but it is not necessarily to be believed that he will act upon it.'

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THE FASCISTI EPISODE

THE Continental and British press regarded the seizure of the government by the Fascisti in Italy with concern and disapproval. *Le Temps* commented upon the incident as follows: —

To tell the truth, the French do not like coups d'état. They have never found much to approve in Governments established that way. When we hear that a political party is mobilizing against its Government, when we read that a general in command of an army corps has placed himself at the head of an insurrection, and when we are told, in addition to all that, how a king has refused to sign an order establishing martial law, we are not inclined to applaud. In our country such rebels would be lined up against a wall. But we must not forget that with respect to Italy we are foreigners as well as friends. As foreigners we must maintain an attitude of reserve. As friends we must seek to comprehend sympathetically the situation. . . . We shall not be venturing a bold assertion in assuming that the Fascisti movement has been followed with close attention by German monarchists. Munich is not so far from Milan. We have been hearing of late, as we did just before Rathenau's assassination, that the German reactionaries are plotting a new move.

These rumors may be exaggerated, but there is a wise proverb that cautions us to look for fire where there is smoke. Now that the fire has blazed up in Italy, we should keep a specially sharp eye on Germany. . . . Events in Italy may also have a repercussion in the Near East. Recently the Italian Government was inclined to favor the autonomy of Western Thrace. But this affects not only the Turks and the Greeks, but also the Bulgars and the Yugoslavs. The Fascisti have not concealed their intention of demanding Dalmatia. That was discussed at the Naples Congress. Only yesterday it was declared at one of their meetings that Dalmatia would be the first question taken up by a Fascisti Government. The war between Italy and Turkey in 1911 affected the Balkans. The Fascisti episode of 1922 may have the same result.

At the same time this journal, which expresses perhaps better than any other periodical in France the attitude of both the Government and the governing classes, expresses the hope that the new Cabinet will prove an agency of 'order, prosperity, and peace.'

D'Annunzio wrote a letter to *Popolo d'Italia*, Mussolini's paper and the official organ of the Fascisti, that, though sympathetic, was rather reserved, and recommended to the leader of the movement not to abuse his victory. Although one of Mussolini's first orders was that personal liberty and liberty of the press must be respected, his followers have proved disobedient to his commands. In Rome they raided the lodgings of two Communist members of Parliament, and seriously beat up on the public streets the editor of *Tribuna*, a leading liberal daily of that city. They also wrecked the Rome Press Club. At Milan they invaded the offices of *Il Secolo*, one of the leading liberal dailies, and demanded of the editor, at the point of a revolver, that the paper adopt a more vigorously nationalist policy. Meanwhile about one hundred Fascisti wrecked the paper's composing room and pressroom. *Corriere della Sera*, probably the leading newspaper in Italy, resumed publication, after having been temporarily suspended at Mussolini's order.

Conflicts between Fascisti and their opponents continued to occur throughout the country. At the time the government was seized eight Communists were killed in Rome; at Bologna four people were killed, several were wound-

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ed, and the cavalry barracks were set on fire; at Verona one person was killed: at Fiorenzuola three were killed and eight wounded; at Novara one was killed and three were wounded. Several encounters occurred in Milan between the Fascisti and the Royal Guard, who were later disarmed.

German Liberal papers warned their readers to accept with caution the reassuring reports that came from Italy after Mussolini and the Fascisti took possession of the government, comparing them to the reports that the world received from the belligerent countries during the war. In other words, the Fascisti were suspected of attaching great importance to a good press abroad, and of using effective measures to secure it.

Of the thirty-three Ministers in the Mussolini Cabinet only fifteen are Fascisti. But five of the other Ministers — three Nationalists, General Diaz, Minister of War, and Thaon de Revel, the new Minister of the Navy — are wholly in sympathy with the Fascisti programme. Not only are all the really important cabinet offices in the hands of Mussolini and his followers and sympathizers, but the other Ministers are said to be pliant men, subservient to the new Premier. Mussolini is rumored to have made overtures to the Conservative Socialists, in order to give his Cabinet a more comprehensive national character. But the Labor politicians he approached refused to coöperate. In alluding to his selection of Professor Gentile, a Clerical, for Minister of Instruction, Mussolini said: 'I am a Catholic and an admirer of the power of spirit. That is why I have placed our public schools in the hands of a man like Giovanni Gentile.' The new Minister of Education is professor of philosophy and pedagogy in the University of Rome, and a friend and admirer of Benedetto Croce.

Heraldo de Madrid, an organ of Spanish Liberal opinion, believes that the best way to suppress the Fascisti movement is to let it take control of the government and 'play itself out,' so to speak. It finds many analogies between the situation in Italy and that in Spain, where parliamentary government is equally impotent.

British opinion, strongly convinced as it is that any movement that attempts to disparage or to overthrow parliamentary authority is essentially a movement against democracy and self-government, is almost unanimously critical of the course events have taken in Italy.

The *Times* speaks of the revolution — 'it plainly is a revolution' — as surprisingly rapid and bloodless. 'The capitulation to the legal and the extra-legal forces was complete.'

The *Daily Telegraph* crystallizes its opinion in the sentence: 'The fact cannot be disguised that the whole record of the Fascisti movement has been based on the same principle as the policy which is known to ourselves as "direct action," that is to say, the supersession of constitutional methods by the employment of organized force.'

The *Outlook* characterizes the episode as 'Italy's schoolboy coup d'état,' considers Mussolini's success 'a splendid moral for the immoralist,' and anticipates still further changes. 'At the Naples Congress, the North of Italy answered "Present"; the South, the Populists' (Catholic Party's) patrimony, stood aloof. Did Mussolini think of that when he stormed Rome?'

On the other hand, Hilaire Belloc, England's most brilliant young protagonist of Catholicism, jubilates — as Léon Daudet, his fellow Catholic and Royalist jubilates in France — in this triumph over institutions he despises:—

The triumph in Italy of the revolt against Parliament is by far the most significant

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thing that has happened since the Armistice, and it has two aspects: its meaning in Europe as a whole; its meaning to us here in this country.

To Europe as a whole it is a warning to the Parliamentary humbug, with its secret plutocratic control, its tiresome corrupt mediocrities, its gross corruption, and its cynical contempt for popular liberties and the popular will.

Someone had to kill the cat, and the Italian courage has done it. It will reap a great reward.

BRITISH ELECTIONS

THE results of the British elections were probably no surprise to the average voter in Great Britain; at least they were anticipated by journalists of every political school.

In the *Observer*, which was consistently favorable to Lloyd George Liberalism until the recent Turkish crisis, the Right Honorable C. F. G. Masterman prophesied the overwhelming defeat of Coalition sympathizers, no matter what their party origin. 'A friend of mine who was canvassing for the Coalition candidate at Walworth by-election, called one evening on forty houses in one street and could not obtain from any of them anything but curses of the Government.'

The Nation and the Athenæum stated the case of the Liberals in the following — naturally not unbiased — comparison of the four parties contesting for the suffrages of the electorate: —

(1) Unprogressive Toryism, without ideas, policies, or leaders of first-rate character and ability; (2) Unprincipled Lloyd Georgism, also without ideas or policies, but possessing a brilliant, though utterly discredited, leader; (3) Labor, with ideas and policies, some good and realizable, others unpopular, too hastily stated, or too expensive, and a leadership of lieutenants; and (4) Liberalism, with ideas and policies more nearly suited than any other to circumstances at home and abroad and to the temper of the nation, and finally with an experienced but very cautious and rather tired leadership.

As the campaign proceeded, Mr. Lloyd George is described by his opponents as dropping the arrogant note that he assumed at first when he 'took his sword in his hand' and changing to 'the pathetic note.' The Conservative *Spectator* stated that the real and vital issue before the country was a very simple one. 'Will the voters give Mr. Lloyd George a new lease of power, or will they confirm the verdict of his colleagues of the House of Commons or of the Unionist Party as a whole?'

The *Outlook* considered it probable, after the rout of Labor at the municipal elections late in October, that the Tories could count upon the absolute majority that events proved they were ultimately to receive.

But issues are of more enduring interest than these early appraisals of sentiment and ante-election predictions. The Tory *Morning Post*, though hardly an exponent of popular sentiment, seems to have struck the keynote of the campaign in a leader that was widely quoted, and caught the attention of the country. 'What the people of this country demand is character, first, last, and all the time. . . . The public have actually come to the conclusion that an ounce of character is worth all the first-class brains in the kingdom.'

Lord Robert Cecil expressed the same opinion: 'At the present time, character counts more than cleverness, and it is better to have second-class brains than a second-class character.'

Mr. Lloyd George himself continued to lay stress upon Coalition principles, declaring: 'The time will come — I am not sure whether it is arriving — when you will need the help of every man to save the community from disastrous experiments that would bring ruin.'

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Labor was handicapped and helped, according to the sympathies of voters, by its outspoken declarations in favor of a direct levy upon capital to reduce the public debt, and against indirect taxation. The disastrous defeat of the Laborists in the municipal elections undoubtedly decided many wavering voters to cast their ballots against Labor, in the belief that the latter had a losing cause. The opinion seemed to gain ground that the radical and working-class elements would make a poor showing at the polls. This has been disproved by events. In Great Britain as on the Continent, controlling currents of public opinion appear to be flowing toward 'safe and sane' policies and moderate conservatism. At the same time this clarifies the issue for the radical minority, and probably draws into its ranks many waverers from the weakened Centre parties.

Only in Germany, which seems for the moment to have emerged from the most radical phase of its recent political cycle, is there an observable tendency toward a regrouping of political strength in the direction of the Centre.

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THE CALIPHATE AND INDIA

THE religious sympathy of India's seventy million Mussulmans for the spiritual head of their Church at Constantinople has, as is well known, played a large part in the agitation for Indian independence. The Mohammedans of India are not ordinarily a united body, either racially or doctrinally. Many are the descendants of forced-converts from Hinduism, who have no blood-sympathy with the Turks. Then there are numerous sects, frequently hostile to each other, among the followers of the Prophet. 'Sunnis are as ready to attack Shiites as to oppose the British Government.' Many of the Punjab Mohammedans who fought in the war returned disgusted with the Turks because of their 'laxness in religious matters.' So all has not been harmony in the Mohammedan camp, and the more or less artificial alliance between Hindu and Mussulman India during the Nationalist agitation in that country has at times been marked by outbursts of religious animosity between the two creeds, on a scale previously unknown. None the less, loyalty to the Caliphate and hostility to Great Britain as the conqueror of Constantinople have been a powerful influence in solidifying native opposition to British rule in India.

Consequently, when it was announced only the other day that the Kemalists, whose victory over the Greeks had been celebrated with unprecedented enthusiasm among Indian Mohammedans, had deposed the Sultan and abolished the temporal power of the Caliph, the effect upon the Faithful under British rule was stunning. Trusted leaders of the Mohammedan masses, who but a few weeks ago were appealing passionately for subscriptions for airplanes to enable Kemal to complete his victory over the enemies of Islam, are to-day bitterly denouncing him as an adventurer. They claim that the Angora Government is dominated by Russia. A Mohammedan Indian leader, a member of the Bengal Council, said in a recent interview that the action of the Kemalists 'strikes at the very root of Islam,' and the result is bound to be 'great confusion among Moslem peoples and States.' Another Mohammedan leader believed that the outcome 'may well be the overwhelming of the Caliphate under a tyranny such as that to which the Sultan has been subjected ever since the Young Turk revolution.' Ameer Ali, the author of a recent English work upon Mohammedanism

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reviewed in the *Living Age* of Nov. 25, wrote to the London *Times*, expressing the hope that 'no non-Mussulman Power will favor or encourage an action to deprive the House of Osman of the Caliphate. . . . Untrammeled powers in the hands of Caliphs and Sultans, just as much as in the hands of Tsars and Kaisers, have been the cause of untold evils. And one can hardly blame new Turkey, with its aspirations to enter the community of free nations on the basis of common rights and common duties, as being wrong in placing a check not only upon the despotism of the Palace, but also upon the intrigues with which it was beset.' He thinks the action of the Kemalists 'ensures the election of a fitting and worthy Pontiff, and brings back the dignity of the days of early Caliphs.'

However, the Caliphate has never before been an elective office, and such a change in procedure just now may lead to a complete collapse of the Caliphate ideal. Many Islamic countries, such as Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, as well as the Sunnis of Irak, have already fallen away from their allegiance.

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MINOR NOTES

THE presence of coal in Eastern Siberia has been known for many years, and since the construction of the first railways through that region, lignite and soft-coal mines convenient to transportation have been worked. The total known deposits on the mainland contain some 625,000,000 tons, part of which is hard coal. In the northern part of Sakhalin nine outcrops of brown coal are known, and thirty-one outcrops of hard coal. Development on this island is retarded by the absence of safe ports in the vicinity of the mines. In some of the workings the seams afford faces about seven feet high. Among the valuable qualities of this coal is an almost entire absence of sulphur and slate, and it produces over 70 per cent of high-grade coke. This alone is sufficient to explain Japan's interest in retaining North Sakhalin, for she has little or practically no high-grade coking coal within her present territories.

IN the city of Buenos Aires average wages, according to statistics published in *La Prensa* of that city, have risen from $3.81 paper currency in 1914 to $6.75 in 1921. The average monthly pay of salaried employees, in the occupations for which statistics are gathered, rose from $81.71 the former year to $173.74 in 1921. Figured at current exchange, these rates are low compared with those in the United States, representing in 1921 a daily wage of about $2.75 in American currency and a monthly salary of $70. However, the purchasing power of Argentine money in Buenos Aires is relatively higher than such a comparison would indicate; and this is particularly true of food costs — the most important single item in the workingman's budget.

ENGLISH papers announce the death of the Tariff Reform League from what the *Manchester Guardian* characterizes as 'financial anæmia.' The League was formed in 1903 by Joseph Chamberlain, to advocate what is sometimes called 'neoprotectionism' in Great Britain. The doctrine that Great Britain should return to protective tariffs proved politically unpopular. During the war, however, emergency measures of a protective character were adopted, some of which have been continued in the present act to safeguard the so-called 'key industries.'

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FORECASTS

BY RICHARD NIKOLAUS COUDENHOVE-KALERGI

[*The author, who belongs to the highest nobility of old Europe, and has a strain of Japanese blood in his veins, has an established reputation as a lucid and stimulating thinker, especially upon social and ethical questions. The following article is from his forthcoming book,* Apologie der Technik.]

From *Vossische Zeitung, October* 18
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

WAR, which was once essential and necessary for cultural progress, has lost this significance and has become the most dangerous enemy of civilization. Wars no longer measure stages of progress; inventions now perform that function. The decisive battles of mankind for freedom and power are fought to-day on the labor front.

In the distant future, when our World War has ceased to interest more than a few dusty historians, our century will be remembered as the date when man first began to fly.

In the age of war, hunting had already become an anachronism; in the age of labor, war has become an anachronism. In our present epoch every war is a civil war, because it is fought within our own ranks, and wreaks destruction upon our common labor front.

In the age of labor, the glorification of war is as much out of date as was the glorification of hunting in the war epoch. Originally, the slayer of dragons and the lion-killer were our race heroes. Later, great commanders and conquerors were our race heroes; ultimately, great discoverers and inventors will be the heroes of mankind.

Lavoisier has done more for the progress of humanity than Robespierre and Bonaparte together. As the mighty hunter was the ruler in the hunting age, and the mighty warrior was the ruler in the fighting age, so the mighty worker will be the ruler in the age of labor.

Socialism alone cannot emancipate Europe from her servitude and misery, and bless her with freedom and prosperity. Votes and laws cannot compensate the coal-digger for a lifetime spent in dark shafts and mine galleries. Most slaves of an Oriental despot have more real liberty than the free workers in a socialist factory.

Socialism mistakes Europe's problem when it imagines that our fundamental evil is unjust distribution instead of inadequate production. The root of Europe's misery is the necessity for compulsory drudgery, not unjust distribution. Socialism errs in conceiving capitalism as the ultimate cause of the frightful enforced toil under which our generation groans.

The truth is that only a trifling fraction of the product of European labor goes to provide the luxuries of capitalists. The greater part of that product is employed in converting a sterile continent into a fertile continent; a cold climate into a warm climate; and in maintaining under these artificial conditions a vast population that the natural resources of Europe could not feed.

Winter and overpopulation are sterner and more cruel despots than all the cruel capitalists in the world. Politicians and labor leaders are not

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Europe's true leaders in combating these evils. The true champions of the masses in this revolution are our engineers and inventors.

At our stage of historical evolution the inventor is a greater benefactor of humanity than the saint.

The inventor of the automobile has benefited horses more, has saved them from more toil and suffering, than all the world's societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The 'flivver' is about to emancipate millions of Asiatic coolies from the status of draft animals.

The discoverer of the diphtheria serum has saved the lives of more children than all our children's hospitals.

We no longer have galley slaves, because they have been emancipated by the inventors of the marine engine. The use of fuel oil has redeemed an army of stokers from the inferno of the stokehole.

The future inventor who, perhaps by breaking up the atoms, shall have found for us a practical substitute for coal, will perform a greater service for humanity than the most successful social reformer who ever lived; for he will liberate millions of coal miners from their black and subterranean imprisonment, and lift an immeasurable burden of painful toil from the shoulders of mankind. But no Communist dictator can relieve men from one ounce of human exertion, or a single moment of subterranean toil.

The chemist who eventually succeeds in transforming wood into nourishing food, will liberate mankind from a slavery of hunger that has oppressed its members longer and more cruelly than any human despot.

Only a few centuries ago a glass window, a mirror, a watch, a piece of soap or sugar, were rare luxuries. The progress of invention has made them common necessities of the masses. In the same way that any man may have a watch and a mirror to-day, every man a century from now may have his automobile, his country cottage, and his telephone. The welfare of mankind increases in equal ratio with the excess increase of production above the growth of population.

The ultimate end of technical progress is to provide every man with the comforts and conveniences that are to-day reserved for millionaires. Therefore the inventor and the engineers are fighting want and poverty; they are not fighting wealth. They are fighting slavery; they are not fighting rulers. Their object is to universalize wealth, power, leisure, beauty, happiness. Their ideal is not to make all mankind a proletariat, but to make it an aristocracy.

Since the collapse of the three great European military monarchies there remain upon our continent only economic States. All our domestic and foreign policies revolve around economic problems. Mercury rules the world as the heir of Mars and the herald of Apollo.

The transformation from the military State to the economic State is the political expression of the fact that the labor front has succeeded the military front in the foreground of history.

The age of wars was contemporary with the military State. The age of labor will be contemporary with the economic State.

Both Communist and Capitalist States are labor States. They are no longer war States, and they are not yet culture States. Both are engaged with problems of production and technical progress. Both are controlled by producers, the way the old military States were controlled by commanders. The communist Government is ruled by labor leaders. The capitalist Government is ruled by captains of industry.

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Capitalism and Communism are as closely related as Catholicism and Protestantism, which have fought each other for centuries. The bitter hatred with which religious or social sects persecute each other springs not from their differences, but from their likenesses. In the same way that Catholicism was regenerated as a consequence of the Protestant Reformation, so the rivalry between Capitalism and Communism promises to fructify both; provided only that instead of fighting each other with weapons, abuse, and sabotage, they endeavor to demonstrate their respective superiority by real cultural service.

No theoretical justification of capitalism is so convincing as the incontestable fact that the condition of American workingmen, many of whom drive to their places of work in their own automobiles, is incomparably better than that of the half-starved workers who live under a Communist régime in Russia. For a high standard of living is of more real value than equality. It is better for all to be prosperous and a few to be rich, than for all to sink back to a common level of poverty. Only envy and pedantry will question this. Best of all, of course, would be universal wealth. But that is an achievement for the future, not for the present, and only technical progress can bring it about. Political remedies can accomplish nothing.

American capitalism well knows that its survival depends upon constant progress toward social betterment. It considers itself the administrator of the national estate, the income from which must be employed to promote progress and invention, and to lift the people to ever higher cultural and humanitarian levels. Only Capitalism with social insight, intent upon reconciling its interests with those of labor, can survive; only a liberal Communism, that is prepared to reconcile itself with the educated and thinking classes, can continue to exist. England is feeling its way toward the first solution, Russia toward the second.

It is as impossible to make war against the opposition of an army's officers as it is against the opposition of the soldiers. That is equally true of the labor army; it must have trained and expert leaders as well as a loyal rank and file.

During the economic confusion attending the evolution of a new order out of our present anarchy of production, we must never forget that the final end is ampler production; and we must guard above all things against adopting Russia's destructive methods. For Europe's northern latitude and overpopulation make her more dependent than any other continent upon persistent, systematic labor and uninterrupted industrial output. We cannot live, even for a brief period, upon the free gifts of nature. All that we have we owe solely to unbroken and unremitting toil. If our labor army becomes irretrievably discouraged by war or anarchy, European civilization will vanish; for a merely transient stoppage of production will doom a hundred million of our people to starvation. Such a catastrophe we could not survive, for we have not the resistance of a primitive land like Russia.

An ethical imperative bids us, in the coming transformation of Europe, to spare human life and to treat it as holy. A technological imperative bids us in this period of change, to spare human industry and to treat it as holy.

He who kills a fellow man by design, sins against the sacred spirit of brotherhood. He who willfully destroys a machine, sins against the sacred spirit of labor. This double sin has been committed over and over again by Capitalism in the World War and by Com-

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munism in the Russian revolution. Both have criminally offended against the sanctity of human life and of human toil.

If Europe is teachable she will learn from the Russian revolution what methods to avoid. For Russia is a warning example of the quick revenge production takes upon those who defy the laws of its technique. Russia's rulers in their madness fancied that they could redeem their country and the world by ethical ideals and military measures, instead of by labor and invention. Therefore they sacrificed the industry and the technical equipment of their country. While they were grasping for the stars of equality, the solid ground of production slipped under their feet and cast them into the abyss of misery. In order to rescue the people of Russia from this abyss, the Communists have been forced to beg aid from their mortal enemies, the capitalists. Mighty Nature, who once crushed Napoleon's Grand Army, now threatens the same doom to Bolshevism.

If Europe follows the destructive example of the Russian revolution, she risks sinking back into the primitive barbarism that preceded capitalism, instead of rising higher to a better post-capitalist order. In that case, our continent will eventually be forced again to retrace her steps through the capitalist epoch. Let us hope that we shall be enlightened enough to avoid this tragic fate. Before we address ourselves to an equal division of wealth we must guarantee an adequate production of wealth; for what does equality profit us, if it is an equality of misery? And how does inequality injure us, if no one suffers want?

The object of revolution must be to multiply production, not to destroy it — to promote technical progress, not to discourage it. Only on this condition will it succeed, and realize in the end the ethical ideals that are its final goal.

OUR SUSSEX DOWNS

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

My youth is gone — my youth that laughed and yawned
In one sweet breath, and will not come again;
And crumbs of wonder are my scanty fare,
Snatched from the beauty on a hill or plain.
So, as I look, I wonder if the land
Has breathed those shadows in the waters blue!
From all first sounds I half expect to hear
Not only echoes, but their echoes too.
But when I see — the first time in my life —
Our Sussex Downs, so mighty, strong and bare
That many a wood of fifteen hundred trees
Seems but a handful scattered lightly there —
'What a great hour,' think I, 'halfway 'twixt Death
And Youth that laughs and yawns in one short breath!'

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POST-WAR OPINION IN THE PROVINCES

BY SENATOR FRANÇOIS ALBERT

[*Senator Albert is a Liberal, of the younger generation in French public life.*]

From *Revue Politique et Parlementaire, October* 1922
(PARIS POLITICAL MONTHLY)

WE have heard much of late about the man on the street and his opinions. The most various and contradictory ideas have been attributed to him. By the man on the street we mean the city man — the man who discusses politics on the boulevards, and at cafés. It is natural that his opinions should fluctuate and contradict themselves, for he is continually deluded by sensational newspapers whose false reports and manufactured 'confidential dispatches' mislead him until he does not know what to believe, and falls a victim to the most absurd canards. Not having time to meditate, he reacts quickly to his impressions, and reverses himself with ease. He is the facile prey of pamphleteers, stump speakers, concert-hall propaganda, wild talk of every kind.

But our country people, those who live in the villages and on the farms, are of a very different sort. Although the war has brought its changes even here, and the fathers of our peasants of to-day would hardly recognize their children, the countryman's type of mind is entirely different from that of the city man. In the country, people have leisure. They are not constantly hurried. They read deliberately, and peruse their newspapers from beginning to end. The better educated do not recoil from a long and well-documented magazine article. Even the less educated have not lost the faculty of sticking to their own opinions in spite of vociferous shouters on the other side. They are more inclined to incredulity and suspicion than to enthusiasm and offhand acceptance of ready-made doctrines. This explains their distrust of what is new, their balanced judgment, their semiantagonism to what we consider progress.

What is this class of people in France thinking to-day? What is its state of mind after three years of disillusionment?

First and foremost, our rural classes want peace. Let me make myself plain: I do not mean that they are so enamored of pacifism that they will tolerate anything and bow to anything. In fact, the thought of war does not worry them as much as it did before 1914. At the earlier date, war seemed to them a mysterious catastrophe, the more intimidating because they could not picture to themselves its nature or its results. Now, unhappily, they have seen war face to face. They have suffered its disasters. They certainly want to escape another such experience. However, there are things that seem worse to them than war itself, and one is the constant expectation of war — to which the coming generation seems destined. Actual hostilities are a tragic crisis, mitigated only by the fact that they constitute a crisis. If the crisis passes and the evil it was to remedy survives, then life is not worth living. Modern civilization cannot accommodate itself to long periods of half peace, half war, such as the world endured in

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previous centuries. These are days when we must have security in order to progress.

Therefore, when the countryman demands peace, this means that he is eager to have the questions left open by the Treaty of Versailles definitely settled. He is quite aware that this Treaty has defined the procedure for reaching settlements instead of prescribing the settlements themselves. Now the long postponement of these settlements, for which the complicated procedure provided in the Treaty is responsible, paralyzes our enterprise and initiative. No one dares start an important undertaking: he must resign himself to living from day to day. This produces uncertainty, ill humor, and often intense indignation. The people of our provinces want to get back to a settled régime.

'Get the thing done!' You hear this said over and over again. If it is necessary to 'send the whole Treaty to the devil,' the people would almost prefer that, as a last resort, to this perpetual uncertainty. To be kept waiting in the dark is an intolerable condition for a man of action. Our French provincials are oppressed with a feeling that they are kept in uncertainty, and are waiting in the dark. Stop all this hedging and palavering, and get down to facts. For the people see vaguely — but every day more clearly — that some concealed difficulty is the principal reason for all these delays. Therefore, why not speak out frankly and say boldly what the trouble is?

Our nation has already discarded many illusions. Our people know that, in spite of what was told them in 1919, the Boche will not pay in full. Let that be made plain, and negotiate the best settlement possible. But in return, let the Germans pay up at once what justice and reason authorize us to demand — if not in cash, in well-endorsed securities, of which there must be some form available or devisable.

In a word, the sentiment of most Frenchmen is less imperialistic than it ever was — even less so, if possible, than on the eve of the war. No one dreams for a moment of annexing new territories, of crushing Germany, of ruining that country economically. Our people in the country understand that, if she is to pay us, she must enjoy a certain degree of prosperity. They back up M. Poincaré when he speaks firmly. But they do not demand that he shall humiliate Germany or violate her integrity. They applaud, above all, his efforts to disarm her; and they blame the victorious Governments for their laxity in their hour of triumph in not better enforcing disarmament. Since they take little interest in the League of Nations, since they ignore that institution and refuse to give it their confidence or to rest their hopes upon its labors, they feel that until Germany does honestly disarm, France is fated to carry for all time a crushing military burden.

Therefore the people of the provinces have come to the conclusion that the dispute between France and Germany ought to be handled like a lawsuit, to be settled by a clear, precise, practical, and fair decision that will leave no loopholes for Germany to escape her reasonable obligations.

On the other hand, there is a growing antipathy for England. A Frenchman is naturally chivalrous. After the fight is over he is quick to forget — too quick to forget — the bad turns done him by his enemy. But for the same reason, he is extremely sensitive to disloyalty in his friends. During the war the Englishmen were comrades, with whom he shared the dangers and hardships of the battle without weighing respective sacrifices. But now he sees his recent companions-at-arms, after ap-

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propriating the bulk of the booty, turn a cold shoulder to him, without seeming even to realize that they thus offend against the rules of courtesy. The Frenchman entertains toward the Englishman the sentiments of a gentleman. The latter replies with the sentiments of a business man.

It is impossible for the soul of a Frenchman to pass through such disenchanting experience without bitterness and revolt. You have merely to watch a crowd when some orator touches on this subject, as there is so often occasion to do in these days. The people will applaud when he scathingly denounces German treachery with all the fire of his unrestrained eloquence; but no matter how diplomatically and cautiously he may allude to the rift with England, he evokes an immediate, unanimous, and violent response. There is an exhibition of wounded sentiment with which it is impossible to reason.

In any case the Frenchman of the provinces — I was going to say the Frenchman behind the lines — has now reconciled himself to the idea that he will have to pay a large part of the cost of the war; and that it is wiser to look ahead and make the best of things, by deriving the maximum possible advantage for our industries out of our victory instead of wasting time in vain regrets over the past. Meanwhile he wants the Government to help things forward with the practical and energetic aid of its public services. He wishes the officials to break away from their old traditions and to show a new spirit of initiative. If that good fortune were to befall him, he would readily forgive past mistakes. Unhappily, there is no present prospect that this will happen. . . . No sooner is some reform in the public administration suggested by a municipal or departmental committee, by a chamber of commerce, or by any other group of citizens, than a thousand objections to it are raised by our bureaucrats. The law of least effort comes into play to defeat any innovation that would benefit the public. The post office refuses to distribute mail on Sunday. Local transportation lines refuse to put themselves out to make connections with trunk lines. Government bureaus persist in disregarding all other government bureaus, and constantly work at cross-purposes with them. The public is treated as an enemy: disregarded, neglected, insulted, and threatened with reprisals if it grumbles.

And — let me observe — the people in the country resent such treatment more than the people in Paris. The Parisians are docile and tolerant of public irregularities. In the country, however, men still retain a sense of personal dignity, and are inclined to insist that common courtesy and common sense be exhibited by their public servants.

There is an equally widespread revolt against our system of taxation. We must not imagine that the new taxes are the only ones that are unpopular. The old taxes are praised merely because we no longer have to pay them. If the Government were to revive the old imposts, and to fix them at the rate required to compensate for repealing our present tax on profits and tax on gross turnover, there would be more protest than ever. The truth is, no matter how sensibly we may talk about the need of taxes and the obligation of the public to pay them, our endorsement is purely intellectual.

Our real feelings do not back up our professions. A taxpayer is like a sick man who is told that he must have an operation. No matter how clearly the necessity is pointed out, when the moment for the operation comes he tries to escape it. It was an ancient

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philosopher who wrote that every man knows he must die, but no man believes it. It is the same with regard to the necessity for paying taxes. . . .

The worst difficulty with regard to taxes springs from our love for equality. Your French citizen is the greatest stickler for equality in the world. We have repeated, until we have begun to believe it, that we French love liberty above all else. That is an error. Our dominant passion is for equality. We have repeatedly surrendered our liberty without protest, but we have never willingly surrendered our equality. Any man who lifts himself above the average level is howled down by the crowd.

That is why the first impulse of a person who receives a tax bill is to try to find out how much his neighbor is taxed. He must know that before he can form an opinion. But this habit of mind goes still further. Our merchants are complaining that they are taxed more highly than our farmers, our city people that they are paying more than the country people, our producers that they are paying more than the consumers, and so on. . . .

Then there is a final grievance. It is the excessive spying upon our private business by the Government. With a more efficient system of civic education, we might teach our people that just taxation, which they are so clamorous to have, demands strict and meticulous assessments.

Are we to conclude from these hasty observations — that do not profess even to sketch rural psychology in France after the war — that our country people are consumed with a spirit of revolt and discouragement? By no means. They grumble, just as they did during the war, but they are doing their duty.

Our convalescence does not advance at a uniform rate. According to his temperament, the patient curses or groans; but his suffering does not prevent him from getting back to work. He still cherishes an instinctive feeling that everything will come out all right. He prefers his fortunes to the fortunes of the people of any other country. And this preference, more than anything else, attests to the fundamental health of the nation.

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FUNDAMENTALS OF FRENCH FOREIGN POLICY

BY A PARIS CORRESPONDENT

[Frankfurter Zeitung *announces a series of special studies of foreign policies in neighboring European States by its correspondents abroad. The following is the first article of this series. We append, as a second part, extracts from the secret report made by M. Dariac, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, upon his observations during a recent official tour of the Rhine country.*]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, October 22, 25, 26*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

I

THE French people have learned from bitter experience the truth of Goethe's saying, that we must earn over again what we inherit before it becomes truly our own. They imagined they could rest on the laurels of their fathers, and while they cradled themselves in this illusion, a little ruling clique usurped the economic and political leadership of their country and betrayed its great traditions. Only an empty shell of the former democratic structure of the state remains — an imposing façade behind which an oligarchy works its will. France is a republic of good fellows, a government of cliques, and her official policies no longer express the will of the majority.

All foreign policy to-day is more or less tainted with big business. If we trace our international complications to their fountain head, we invariably discover that conflicting economic interests have threatened the peace of nations and driven them into the war. Every armed conflict of the last century in Europe has been fought for iron, coal, petroleum, new markets, or strategic bases for economic expansion. We must keep this clearly in mind, particularly in studying the diplomacy of a Government that is dominated by the wishes and interests of a narrow capitalist circle. Therefore our study logically begins with a brief survey of the economic structure of France and its extraordinary transformation since the war.

France has experienced a business revolution the effects of which reach the very foundations of her economic and social edifice. Its chief victims are members of the educated and professional class, officials, salaried employees, and, to some extent, small craftsmen and shopkeepers. Their income has not risen to correspond with the rapidly mounting cost of living. The principal beneficiaries are farmers and industrial producers. Before the war most of the French peasantry were in debt and made ends meet only by practising extreme economy. Since the war they have prospered, their standard of living has risen, and their political influence has grown.

During the same period a revolution has occurred in French industry. The acquisition of Lorraine, with its great ore deposits and modern industrial plants, has converted France from the classical example of a country devoted to the manufacture of highly finished products and luxury goods in small es-

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tablishments, into a country extensively engaged in the so-called heavier lines of manufacture. This change has encouraged industrial concentration. Powerful communities of interest have sprung up in the manufacturing and financial world; influential consortiums and gigantic corporations have made their appearance and now overshadow the small private industries that were previously typical of France.

In contrast with Germany, where the trust movement was controlled to some extent by the Government and by powerful labor unions, France has made no attempt to restrain these economic giants, and consequently her Government has become their servant. Big industry and high finance, in alliance with reactionary and nationalist politicians, have acquired a dominant influence over both Cabinet and Parliament, and made them willing tools of their own policies. This shows itself in internal affairs by antisocial legislation, by opposition to the eight-hour day, by the nullification or evasion of laws taxing the wealthy, — which alone will balance the budget, — by extreme protectionism, and by opposing a reduction of armaments. In foreign policy the new masters assert themselves principally in connection with Reparations.

For three years France had no real Reparations policy. What went for such was merely sonorous oratory with which the Government and Parliament tried to delude themselves and the people as to the real economic and financial consequences of the war. The illusion was sedulously cultivated that Germany could be forced to pay a tribute of untold billions to France for an indefinite period. Not until the middle of last year, when the evidence of Germany's financial collapse became too patent to be longer disregarded, was a more practical attitude adopted. At last it was admitted that Germany's ability to pay has been radically overestimated, and Briand and Loucheur consented to the policy of payments in kind, embodied in the Wiesbaden agreement. French industrialists, however, promptly sabotaged this scheme. Poincaré, at that time leader of the opposition, was its most valiant opponent.

But when Poincaré took office, he had no choice but to continue in the path of his predecessors. However, his policy diverges from that of Briand in one fundamental aspect. The speedy restoration of the devastated territories has now sunk into the background, to make way for an ambitious scheme of economic imperialism. The driving force behind this new programme is the French iron and steel trust which, despairing of large payments from Germany in the immediate future, has hit upon the idea of compensating itself in another way.

On the surface, this programme consists in exacting from Germany 'productive pledges,' a term that M. Poincaré first used last summer. The sanctions provided in the Versailles Treaty, for compelling Germany to fulfill her obligations, thereby become an end in themselves; they are no longer regarded as part of the Reparations programme, but as the starting-point for a campaign of industrial annexation against Western Germany.

It is perfectly evident, even to Poincaré, that this policy, if carried out, will bring no revenues to the coffers of the Reparations Commission. Whatever sums are collected by creating a new tariff frontier running through the midst of Germany, as is now proposed, will no more than pay the cost of administering the territory thus annexed. In fact, M. de Lasteyrie, the Minister of Finance, has demonstrated this in a carefully prepared statistical

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report; but that does not trouble either the Premier or the French steel kings, who now consider the seizure of the Rhenish-Westphalian manufacturing district their only salvation from the serious crisis afflicting them for the past three years.

The principal French steel-makers, Schneider, Pinot, Wendel, and others, received with exaggerated hopes the rich inheritance that German industrialists were forced to surrender in Lorraine. They had managed to have inserted in the Versailles Treaty a provision compelling Germany to deliver them enough coal and coke to operate the Lorraine furnaces and steel works. They believed they had all the trumps in their own hands, and could easily crush German competition. But German steel-makers found substitutes for Lorraine iron, and held their own, after a fashion, both in their home markets and in the export trade, while the French Lorraine furnaces were forced to shut down one after another, and for over a year have been running at less than one third of their capacity. The situation is the more critical because the banks are now pressing the new owners for the hundreds of millions they advanced them to finance the purchase of the sequestered German works. Moreover, the French Government, which also extended liberal credits to the new proprietors, is likewise financially embarrassed, and wants to collect the sums due it.

The plan to seize the Ruhr district, and separate it from the rest of Germany, was not hatched in the French Foreign Office, but in the head office of the French steel trust. Its object is not only to provide the French furnaces with cheap fuel, but also, and chiefly, to run a customs barrier across the German iron and steel producing district that will cut off its manufacturing establishments there from their raw materials, and paralyze their operation. This plan has been temporarily postponed because Poincaré drew back at the last moment before the prospect of a break with his Allies. But it has not been dropped. We must not be deceived by the recent overtures of French steel-makers to Stinnes and the Rhenish-Westphalian ironmasters for a scheme of business coöperation. That is merely a change of methods. The object is the same. This is admitted with remarkable frankness by M. Dariac, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, in his secret report upon his recent tour of investigation in the Rhineland: —

> So long as we remain on the right bank of the Rhine, and so long as we are producing iron ore to the amount of 45 million tons a year, we are in a position to play a decisive rôle in the German iron and steel industry, and to seize control of its production. This must be our object in the future. So long as the Committee on Guaranties is limited to controlling German public finances, it will be able to accomplish little more than record a new decline of the mark from time to time, without changing the situation in the least. We shall not be able to take advantage of Germany's industrial prosperity until we have a formal control of her industrial output. We must use our occupation of the bridgehead at Düsseldorf skillfully, to enforce the only two kinds of payment that will be satisfactory to us: a loan secured by German capital, and the revival of our own industries.

So the economic subjugation of Germany is to-day the frankly expressed purpose of French official Reparations policy, as inspired by the iron and steel kings of that country.

Military annexation of the Rhine country, though advocated by certain nationalists, has been officially repudiated as impractical. But, in spite of many disappointments, the idea of

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creating an autonomous state upon the Rhine, to include the Ruhr district, under the ægis of France, still dazzles many minds. Honest Frenchmen have persuaded themselves that the Rhinelanders are a different race from the Germans and that they cherish an ardent wish to liberate themselves from Berlin, for which they feel instinctive antipathy, and to divest themselves of their Prussian *Kultur*. These Frenchmen have hit upon an absurdly grotesque explanation for the resentment and the indignant opposition their plans encounter among the people of the occupied territories. Their explanation is that the people of the Rhineland, which is to be occupied under the Peace Treaty for only ten or fifteen years, do not dare to express their true sentiments, the secret wishes of their souls, because they fear the Prussian knout after their former rulers come back.

The first step toward separating the Rhine country from Germany, according to French policy to-day, must be a prolongation of the military occupation beyond the period fixed in the Peace Treaty. The repeated declarations of Millerand, Briand, and Poincaré, that in view of Germany's failure to comply with her Treaty obligations the period of occupation cannot be regarded as actually begun, are doubtless intended to clear the way for such a move. The secret report by M. Dariac, which we quote above and which may be considered a sort of catechism of Poincaré's policy, says: —

> France must impress upon the people of the Rhine Valley her final decision to remain upon the Rhine, which has hitherto been merely suggested in ministerial statements, and not officially and irrevocably proclaimed. We must not resort, in this connection, to external compulsion, or to any form of direct or indirect, overt or covert, annexation. France must merely declare that her troops are to remain upon the Rhine until all her claims under the Treaty are satisfied in full. In this way she will free the people of the Rhine countries from their present fear of a return to Prussian rule, which is the only thing that now prevents them from exercising their right of self-determination. When this is done, it will be easy to bring about the autonomy of the Rhine country, which has heretofore shown itself impracticable.

In order to accomplish this, Dariac proposes the following measures: the erection of a customs barrier against Germany, the reduction of customs duties between France and the Rhine country, the organization of a tax system and a financial administration entirely independent of Germany, the introduction of a new and stable form of money instead of the depreciated mark, and the replacement of Prussian officials by local officials. The final act will be to increase the authority of the present Rhineland Commission and to summon an elective Rhineland Parliament. Dariac admits: —

> This plan may seem far-fetched, but can be carried out in every detail by employing wisdom and tact, and following up, step by step, every failure of Germany to comply with the obligations imposed upon her. This is a long-range policy that will enable us, by skillful diplomacy, to forge one link after another in the chain that will ultimately separate the Rhineland from Germany, under the military protection of France and Belgium.

It would be an injustice to the French people to identify them with this policy. Poincaré was telling the truth when he said, in a recent speech, that Frenchmen as a rule cherish no imperialist designs. Imperialism is confined to a relatively small political and economic upper stratum, which just at present, thanks to the hoodwinking of the people in the election of 1919, practically controls the Government.

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An overwhelming majority of the French nation will have nothing to do with policies of conquest, whether they be military or economic. That does not mean that they renounce their claim to Reparations. Except for a small majority of the Communists and Socialists, and a few intellectuals, the French people are as firmly convinced as ever that Germany willed the war, that she intentionally caused the war, that for this reason she is solely responsible for its consequences, and therefore that she should compensate her enemies for all the damage she did in the course of the war, including pensions to the survivors.

Frenchmen have learned much from the practical demonstrations of economic fallacies that they have witnessed during the last two or three years; but they do not yet realize the actual difficulties in the problem: the catastrophe that the collapse of the mark means for Germany's solvency, the fundamental fact that a country can pay only with the excess products of its labor, and the associated and equally irrefragable fact that Germany, in spite of her apparent prosperity, is not producing enough to pay for imports indispensable for her own subsistence. Because they do not know these things, the French masses are easily persuaded by skillful propaganda that Germany's failure to pay her debts is explained entirely by her dishonest desire to evade her obligations.

The idea that the French people are politically maturer than their neighbors is a widely held error. What truly distinguishes them is their political temperament and traditions. They can still rise to unexampled heights of heroic enthusiasm for an idea or a principle. They manifested something of that quality during the Dreyfus case. But the average Frenchman, the workingman and the bourgeois, is utterly indifferent to routine politics. He leaves these entirely in the hands of the Cabinet and his elected representatives in Parliament. It is this national trait that makes the French more plastic, perhaps, than any other nation, in the hands of skillful political manipulators. We may regret this, especially in connection with the Reparations question, but we must accommodate ourselves to it. On the other hand, the same mentality accounts for the existence of other parties that advocate forgetting the past and rebuilding Europe in a spirit of mutual reconciliation.

If we study those parties that are not dominated by the steel trust and similar great combinations, — and these parties embrace an overwhelming majority of the nation, — we discover two sharply divergent attitudes toward Reparations. The Centre parties, with their nationalist sympathies, including many of the Radicals, regard the issue as purely political, to be solved by political remedies. They aim to induce Germany to recognize voluntarily the obligations imposed upon her by the Versailles Treaty. They believe that the economic and financial problems involved cannot be settled so long as Germany refuses to pay her debt on the ground that impossible conditions have been imposed upon her.

Even in these circles we find a few unqualified advocates of political and military compulsion. But among these moderates in the National Bloc are many who no longer look for the complete fulfillment of the Versailles Treaty. Recognizing that Germany cannot pay in full, they are seeking other financial devices, such as an international loan to Germany, whose guaranteed bonds shall be accepted by the other Allies in payment of the debts that France owes them. There is also the Le Troquer plan, of carrying out a great system of public works — water-

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power development, canals, and railways — with German aid.

On the other hand, the Reparations policy of the parties on the Left starts from the assumption that the threats and compulsion France has used hitherto have cost more than they have brought in return; that what Germany has paid on Reparations account does not meet the expenses of the occupation. They agree with the Conservatives in believing that Germany has purposely evaded her obligations; that her financial collapse, if not intentional, is at least an effective way to escape the burdens imposed by the Peace Treaty; and that therefore the German Government has not taken vigorous measures to save the country from its difficulties. At the same time, they reason that a conquered and impoverished nation will not make an economic sacrifice unless it can hope thereby to lessen the hardships imposed upon it by the conqueror.

Germany, they say, will be offered no such hope until her debt to the Allies is reduced to a reasonable figure. Their programme for the settlement of Reparations proceeds from economic premises, proposes to adjust the burdens placed upon the German people to their reasonable ability to bear them, and advocates settling the financial problems arising out of the war by a general international agreement. A recent article in the *Revue de France* thus summarizes this programme: —

> France and Germany did not fight the war alone, and they did not sign the Peace Treaty alone. Consequently it is fallacy to imagine that they alone can undertake to settle all the international problems resulting from the war and the peace. Such a settlement will, in any case, prove extraordinarily difficult. But we know that the world is longing for a statesman capable of formulating and applying a rational policy of international reconstruction. We know that the 'sacred egoism' of every Government would bow to the far greater advantages which all nations would derive from the international solidarity which is the prerequisite of peace.

The political parties who advocate such a programme of international reconciliation were a majority of the French people before the war. They were defeated by the National Bloc in 1919, and to-day exercise no influence over either domestic or foreign policy. Skillful political manipulation has betrayed the political wishes of the nation. But the policy of the National Bloc has at length opened the eyes of all to the deceptions of which they are the victim. The parties of the Left look forward to the coming election with abounding confidence. Will they receive the suffrages of the country at the polls? That is for the French people to decide. Upon their vote depends not only the future of Franco-German relations, but also the destiny of Europe and the world.

II

We print below further extracts from the secret report of M. Dariac, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, from which we have quoted above. In a chapter that begins with a review of the incidents that the French Government seized as a pretext for a military occupation of the Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort district, he says: —

> The prominent feature of this territory is its pronounced industrial character, which makes it in France's hands a pledge of the very first importance. Under present conditions the Ruhr, and particularly the Düsseldorf-Duisburg-Ruhrort district, which we have seized as a bridgehead, con-

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stitutes Germany's principal asset; for her national wealth rests almost entirely upon iron and coal and their products and by-products. Most of the great German trusts were formed in this district. They have their headquarters and plants here, and the ten or twelve great captains of industry who control them rule directly or indirectly, but with absolute authority in either case, the industrial destinies of Germany.

The report then gives an exhaustive statistical analysis of the industries of the Ruhr district, after which the author continues: —

The iron and steel industry of the Ruhr is wholly concentrated in the hands of a few individuals who are therefore destined to play a decisive rôle in Germany's future development. Among the men referred to are Stinnes, Thyssen, Krupp, Haniel, Klockler, Funcke, Mannesman, and three or four other iron and steel kings, who occupy the same position in Germany that Carnegie, Rockefeller, Harriman, Vanderbilt, and Gould do in America. But in addition they are engaged in political activities to which the American millionaires we named are strangers.

In respect to Reparations they have already offered to underwrite the payments due to the Allies from the German Government, or at least the first payments, but under conditions that could not be accepted. If we take their word for it, their constantly growing enterprises and their credit at home and abroad make them the only persons able to obtain the gold that the German Government requires, and the foreign bills that the Government can never purchase with its depreciated marks. In other words, they offer generously to loan the Government, at a good rate of interest, sums of money that the National Treasury has a perfect right to demand of them in the form of taxes without paying interest at all.

In fact, while the paper mark falls in value from day to day, the great productive enterprises of Stinnes, Thyssen, Krupp, and the other gentlemen named remain unaffected and are just as valuable as before. It is this fact that lends them their importance and makes them an object of interest for ourselves. To be sure, we have not occupied the whole Ruhr district. But by our present partial occupation we really have the whole output of that district under our thumb. We have actually taken possession of the greater portion of the area where its furnaces stand and the ports upon the Rhine through which these furnaces are supplied with ore. We have thus succeeded in separating Germany's iron and steel industry into two geographical divisions, and we can, whenever we will, cut off the manufacturers of iron and steel products in the unoccupied part of Germany from their coal and ore, from their pig iron and steel, and thus throw into utter confusion the industrial enterprises of these great potentates of Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort.

M. Dariac laments the fact that the customs barrier temporarily set up along the Rhine has been removed, and asks how France can utilize her present occupation to best advantage under these circumstances. 'First, there is a question we must not deign even to discuss: that is, we must not consider surrendering this pledge.'

The report then proceeds to develop the familiar French theme, that by threatening the Ruhr district France can bring pressure to bear upon all Germany, or compel her great industrial concerns to lend their support to the public credit. The latter alternative is to be resorted to, however, only in case her steel kings try to escape from the snare in which they have been caught by the French occupation of the Düsseldorf bridgehead. If Germany delays her payments the customs barrier between the bridgehead and unoccupied Germany can be set up again, and a duty levied upon goods passing across it, for the benefit of the Reparations fund. Such a tax would be easy to collect, because duties upon articles of such universal consumption as coal and coal products would be ulti-

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mately paid by the mass of German consumers. The rate of duty should be fixed by the Allies jointly.

The memorandum further develops the idea of forcing the German Government to place part of the capital stock of every great German business enterprise in the hands of the Guaranty Committee. These securities might form the basis for an international loan.

We see that by holding the strategic position we now have in the Ruhr we can employ successfully either a policy of persuasion or of compulsion. We may utilize the Ruhr to bring about friendly coöperation between France and the Allies on one side, and Germany on the other, while maintaining permanent control over Germany's productive resources.

Next comes a statistical exhibit illustrating the familiar relation between Lorraine ore and Ruhr coal, after which the author of the memorandum continues: —

It is a banal conclusion that we have heard repeated a hundred times, that the French iron and steel industry cannot exist without German coke, and that the German steel industry cannot grow to its normal stature without French ore. At present German ironmasters are acquiring new sources of raw materials and laying the foundations for a great extension of their enterprises in the near future. The German iron and steel makers who lost their properties in Lorraine have been generously compensated by the German Government. They have invested their capital on the right bank of the Rhine in order to develop sources of supply there to compensate them for what they have lost in Lorraine.

The recent plant extensions of Thyssen, and the others that I saw in course of erection, are very significant. . . .

Can France consider an interchange of German coke and French ore as the basis of a real industrial alliance? We cannot ask Germany to pay us enormous sums for thirty-five years, and at the same time be constantly worrying because her industry has grown to such dimensions that she is able to pay these sums. But as long as we retain our hold upon the right bank of the Rhine, and are able to produce forty-five million tons of iron ore a year, we can play the dominant rôle in the German iron and steel industry and control her production. That will doubtless be the course that we shall take in the future.

So long as the Guaranty Commission confines itself to dealing with German finance, we shall merely stand by and witness helplessly one monetary crisis after another in that country. But the day that the Commission is given power to control the industrial output of Germany, we shall be in a situation to profit by her economic prosperity. The moment we have in our possession part of Germany's capital, we shall have an interest in making it as profitable as possible. For money payments and payments in kind are the basis of any system of reparation, and we may predict with confidence a series of business agreements of far greater range than the Wiesbaden agreement.

German industrialists admit that bringing together German coke and French iron would be an exceedingly profitable enterprise, and if the two nations can come to a direct agreement between themselves along the lines of the Wiesbaden agreement, our problem will speedily be simplified. We must use our occupation of the bridgehead at Düsseldorf with the utmost skill to secure payment in the two forms I mentioned: through German loans secured by German capital, and through a resumption of intimate business relations with her great ironmasters.

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UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

BY FEDOR DOSTOEVSKII

[*On April* 14, 1867, *two months after his marriage, Dostoevskii went abroad to escape his pressing creditors. He spent four years — until July* 8, 1871 — *in Dresden, Baden-Baden, Geneva, and Florence, consumed the whole time with homesickness and working upon his novel,* The Possessed. *The letters from which the following extracts are quoted are now published in full for the first time. They were addressed to his friend, the critic Nikolai Strakhov.*]

From *Neue Rundschau, October*
(BERLIN LIBERAL MONTHLY)

FLORENCE, *December* 12, 1868

. . . I HAVE now been in Florence two weeks and shall stay here for a considerable period, at least all winter and part of the spring. Do you still remember the evenings we once spent together in Florence over our wine bottles, and how much more provident you were than I — always ordering two bottles for the evening, while I never ordered more than one, and after I had drunk it up, sponged on you? We had a pretty good time during those five days in Florence. Now the city is noisier and busier. The crowd in the streets is dreadful. Many more people are living here, and it is like a metropolis. The cost of living is much higher than it used to be, but it is still very cheap compared with St. Petersburg. None the less, I am constantly thinking of you, and Russia, and St. Petersburg. But 'God gives no horns to a hooking cow.' However, what sort of a hooking cow am I, pray? I am a stupid cow perhaps, in many respects; I admit that; but if I hook anybody it is by mistake.

It is perfectly natural that our literature should have come practically to a standstill. If you will have it that way, it has ceased entirely. And already for a long time. Observe well, dear Nikolai Nikolaevich, it all depends on the way you look at the thing. When true, original Russian letters are once exhausted, in my opinion they are finished for all time. No genius is to be expected in the future; and accordingly, our Golden Age is over. It ended with the death of Gogol.

I should like to see something original as soon as possible. You are a great admirer of Leo Tolstoi, I see. I admit he has some originality, but not much. However, in my opinion, he has written the most original things that we have produced, and is worth discussing.

But enough of that theme. Why do you write concerning yourself: 'No, you must expect nothing from me'? Your statement cannot possibly be serious, Nikolai Nikolaevich. If you have at last lost all patience with eternally writing articles to order, that must be ready on a certain date — why, that is the experience we all have. This writing on schedule to fill orders eventually kills spontaneity and inspiration, especially as a man grows older. But reassure yourself. The deep wells of your genius will never run dry. What does it amount to? Do not try to write twelve articles in a year. Write only three. You will find it a pleasure to prepare those, especially if you kindle with inspiration. You do not need more than three, or two, or even one really first class article to give tone to a peri-

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odical, especially a new one, and to attract attention to it. The most important thing is the editing. Editing is the main matter. Your own eye, your own head, your constant direction. And it is especially all-important now. No, you will not destroy my faith in *Zaria* [*The Dawn*, — Strakhov's monthly review]. . . . I hope to work off the articles that I owe *Russkii Vestnik* inside of a month, but during that month I shall work without interruption. It is a good thing that it is warm in Florence, although it is damp. At Milan I could not find enough wraps to put around me when I sat in the house — to say nothing of Switzerland: that is Lapland.

FLORENCE, *April* 6, 1869

. . . Besides my subscription to *Zaria*, I should like to have a few things that I have not read before: Samarin's *Russian Border Territories* and a complete Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. I have never yet read *War and Peace* through, and have utterly forgotten the part I did read. So please send me, if you can, without any special hurry, these two books, and charge them to my account. You can get the money from Basanov on credit. . . . I have been reading Voltaire and Diderot all winter. Naturally, they are worth while and entertaining, but I should now like to read something modern and Russian.

I have just received the final chapters of my *Idiot* in the form of separate parts, which the publishers are sending to all the earlier subscribers. I do not know whether you have also received them. . . . (For a second edition) I insisted on the ridiculously low price of 1500 rubles. I shall not take a copeck less — I ought to have 2000 rubles.

Your essay on the poverty of Russian literature pleases me better than the one on Tolstoi. It has a broader sweep. However, the first half of your essay on Tolstoi is incomparable. It is a model of critical analysis. In my opinion, however, this article has one fault. (But that is only my personal opinion, and it is an excellent fault.) I mean excessive passion; but this always helps your argument, and does you personally no harm. I have never read anything like it in Russian criticism. . . .

DRESDEN, *May* 28, 1870

I supposed you would like Struve! At least for his good intentions. I am weak in philosophy, but not in my love of philosophy: in my love for it I am strong. Besides, when I read Struve's dissertation [*Das Seelenleben, oder die Naturgeschichte des Menschen*] I received a new impression of the materiality of the soul. But the dissertation interested me mainly because I felt that it expressed the current, modern tendencies of German philosophy. But do you know, Nikolai Nikolaevich, you will think me a backward old fellow of an earlier age, who still fights with a bow and arrow long after you have used a rifle. So far as I was concerned, I read your article through twice with pleasure. Certainly, you have a wonderful facility with the pen. Your literary style is better than that of any of the rest of them. Whether you wish it or not, that quality cannot long be hidden.

I am glad that you despise the present style of philosophy. But what a coarse, uncouth tone dominates all our present literature! God may forgive our writers for their confused and chaotic thinking. That could not be avoided. But their commonness of style! So low and vulgar! And, worst of all, not one of them has a systematically thought-out idea, even though it be erroneous! What philosophers, what pamphleteers! Absolute rubbish. But there are a few individuals who really think, and exercise some influence. That is always so, in the worst of times. If these individuals succeed in setting

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the public on the right track, you will find that the latter will finally take its tone from them. . . .

A long time ago — more than twenty years ago — when *Vanity Fair* had just come out in England, I was calling on Kraievskii. When I said to him that perhaps Dickens would write something new that we could translate for New Year's, he answered: '*Who?* Dickens! Dickens is done for. Thackeray is now the man over there. He has killed Dickens deader than a doornail. No one reads Dickens any more. . . .'

Do you know Leo Tolstoi personally? If you know him, please write me what kind of a fellow he is. I am tremendously interested to know something about him. I have heard very little of him as a private man.

I am writing with tremendous industry for *Russkii Vestnik*, and have not the slightest idea how it will come out. [He was writing *The Possessed.*] I have never tried a similar subject. I am dying with longing to get back to Russia this year. I shall work like a Trojan. Ah, Nikolai Nikolaevich, it is more intolerable for me to live in a foreign country than I can tell you!

You may not be unaware that Vasilii Vladimirovich promised me — in fact wrote out in black and white, with the figures and dates — to send me on the fifteenth of each month one hundred rubles. The first instalment was to come the fifteenth of May. It is already the twenty-eight, and I have got nothing. You cannot conceive, Nikolai Nikolaevich, how such conduct throws all my work and my life out of joint. I had arranged everything on that assumption. I have already spent the whole five hundred rubles; I am also in debt; I must make urgent purchases. Of the money that was sent me before, I laid aside five hundred rubles to last me up to the fifteenth. Now that date is already two weeks behind us. My rent, shop bills, board, are all overdue. Besides, our child is sick, and we have a doctor's bill. You cannot imagine how that affects my work, to say nothing of the rest. At times I am unable to write a line for several days. If the very first instalment is so unpunctual, what must I expect of the later ones? It is coming on summer. You will all be going off on your vacations, and I shall be forgotten. . . . What shall I do?

I swear to you, absurd as it may seem, punctuality in remittances is almost more important to me than money itself. Eventually, I shall get money from some source. But freedom from care and a quiet mind during my work are impossible now, and everything goes wrong.

DRESDEN, *December* 2, 1870

My worries are overwhelming me. You inquire about the article and the novel I promised for *Zaria.* I have been dreading this question for a long time. But what can I answer? Just now I am practically written out. My obligation to *Russkii Vestnik* was literally a debt: that is, I owe the people there a considerable sum. They have never called me to account for it, and have treated me in the most courteous and generous manner. To put it plainly, I began the story — it may work out into a novel — that I planned for *Russkii Vestnik* early last year, — 1869. I hoped to have it done by July, even if it should grow to fifteen instalments. I felt perfectly certain that I should have plenty of time left over for *Zaria.* But what happened? For a whole year I have been tearing up and rewriting what I had written before. I have completed such a mountain of manuscript that I no longer can organize it and fish out what I want. I have changed the whole plan of the story no less than ten times. I have completely rewritten the first part. Two or three months ago I be-

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came desperate. At last the whole thing clarified in a moment, and would permit of no more changing. But it filled thirty or thirty-five folios. If I had time now to write the remainder without being pressed or having to deliver it at a fixed date, I might produce something good. But some parts will certainly drag out longer than the rest, and the complete work will not be ready until too late. I have altogether some ten folios ready. I have mailed five; I shall mail five in two weeks; and I shall work every day like an ox until I have finished. That is my situation. So what definite promise can I give you?

Believe me, all that I am writing you is the literal and unvarnished truth. I could not possibly know in advance that the plot of this novel was going to torture me for a half year. It was literally torture. If I had given up the novel last summer, to fulfil my promise to *Zaria*, and had begun another novel for *Zaria*, you will admit that it would have been physically impossible for me to write it. I could not drop the work I had on hand, precisely because it was such a torment. I appeal to your sensitive understanding of an author's troubles. Form your own judgment of whether it was possible.

So I shall write on, but I do not know how the thing will end; I only know this: the second half of the novel will be incomparably easier for me than the first. If I finish this summer (I shall certainly finish it) I shall publish in *Zaria* later in the year either a story or the beginning of a novel — I mean a beginning that can be developed into a novel. You wish me to give you the title? I cannot do so.

The situation is this: I have projects for six stories thoroughly worked out. Each one of them is a story that I can th[illegible]y my whole soul into. But if I [illegible]t liberty — that is, if I were not worried all the time for money — I should not write any of these six stories, but should tackle my next novel at once. This new novel has been tormenting me already for more than three years, but I have not begun it; I shall make no effort to have it ready at a promised date, but shall take my time with it, like Tolstoi, Turgenev, and Goncharov. I have determined that at least one of my novels shall be written at leisure and not hurried through on a compulsory schedule. That novel I intend to be the capstone of my literary career. Its title shall be: *The Autobiography of a Great Sinner*. [This novel was never written. — Editor.] It will naturally fall into a series of shorter narratives. But I do not know whether I shall be able to begin it this year, even if I finish my novel for *Russkii Vestnik* in July. All depends on my time. I cannot give you the first title now.

We will talk this over face to face in April or May next year. I should have been back in St. Petersburg this last autumn if I had not been in arrears with the novel and consequently out of money. Now it is December, and I cannot undertake the journey with my child. So I shall stay here till spring. To settle the matter for the present, I can tell you that you may announce a work from me, without giving the title, and that I will keep my promise, whatever happens.

N. B. — Although my work is pressing heavily upon me, I am suffering from violent congestions of blood in the head. I fear I am going to pieces. The novel for *Russkii Vestnik* has driven me almost to distraction this past year. . . . [The following passage may suggest the source of an episode in the *Possessed*. — Editor.] Pardon just one comment. In my opinion, you ought not to print in the same issue [of *Zaria*] two articles like the one by Ogorodnikov upon America and the one by Con-

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stantinov upon 'Culture and Nationality'; they contradict each other. . . . The only Russian he likes is the student I—— who emigrated to the backwoods of America in order to learn from his own experience under what conditions the American workingman (!) works; and he speaks with respect only of this fellow. Then you find, in the same number, that article by Constantinov. Turgenev's *King Lear of the Steppes* I did not like. A hollow, puffed-up thing. Its tone is vulgar. By God, I do not say that from envy!

DRESDEN, *March* 18, 1871

. . . I have been ill for some time, and in particular I suffered greatly following an epileptic attack. When such an attack takes me suddenly, after a long respite, I am conscious of a horrible feeling of moral depression and distress. I despair of everything. In the old days this depressed condition lasted about three days after each attack; now it lasts seven or eight days, although my attacks have been much rarer here in Dresden than they used to be. Then I am consumed with a desire to work. Writing is intolerably hard for me here. I must get back to Russia, although I have become wholly unused to the St. Petersburg climate. Still, I must get back at any cost. But it does no good to retail all my troubles to you. . . .

With regard to *Beseda* (*Chitchat*), I have no idea how it will turn out, although I have read the first number. The people sent me the number asking me to contribute. Naturally, I shall do so with great willingness if I have the time. I am obligated to no one, except by my debts. Money is not a sensitive commodity, and can be measured only in money. (This does not mean that I have forgotten my novel for *Zaria*. I bear it in mind, and shall deliver it in any case.)

I repeat that I look forward with immense longing and agitation to the time when I can see my friends in St. Petersburg again. But I have one special request to make: please do not mention anything definite as to my return. I should like my creditors to leave me in peace at least for a few weeks after I get back. I expect that they will hound me, and I am afraid of them. For I have no money, but only hopes.

Either I cannot write at all, Nikolai Nikolaevich, or I write in a state of mental torture. I cannot understand why that is so. I think it is due to the fact that I need Russia. I must get back at any cost. I am very grateful to you for not forgetting to write to me about my novel. You have strengthened my courage more than I can tell you. I quite agree with your remarks about tone. This unevenness of tone has long troubled me. If I return to Russia, I shall have to break in upon my work. In any case, I shall finish the novel this year.

I thank you for cheering me in my despair. If I had had it to do over again, I should not have written you that letter. I was in a state of fearful nervous agitation at the moment.

Where are you to spend the summer? In the city or in the country? It would be well if I could know beforehand. I think that I shall arrive the middle of the summer. . . .

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CURRENT IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA

BY GEORG CLEINOW AND OCTAVE COURTENAY

[The first of the two accounts of a recent visit to Russia that we print below is by a staff writer of Hugo Stinnes' journal Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, *and appeared in the issues of October* 1, 10, *and* 11. *The second article is from the October* 15 *issue of* L'Écho de Paris. *Both describe conditions in the late summer and early autumn of the present year.]*

I

I HAVE been back in Russia, my old love, since Tuesday, August 22. The country is bathed in beautiful late summer sunshine and is a perfect picture of glorious tones and colors. The Russian earth sings. But this beautiful autumn weather is not the only reason for my elation. My journey has been pleasant and comfortable. The Chekist on the border lost his terrors at the moment I secured my sleeping-car berth from the Soviet Government's office in Riga; for the way I was treated there convinced me that the era of arbitrary administration and lawlessness is over — at least so far as sleeping-cars are concerned.

I was soon surveying Russia from the windows of my roomy, tidy, well-lighted compartment, almost as comfortably as in the good old days before the war. The service on the train is less political than it was six months ago. A German machinist from Breslau, who is not a Communist, has replaced the former Communist guard, because he speaks fluently several languages. Our train now carries two sleeping-cars instead of one, and both are full. In my car we have a most varied company. The inevitable American of the A. R. A., a Communist returning from a propaganda trip abroad, an Italian poet who is also a Communist, several Soviet officials, Herr Professor Förster, who is [illegible] way to visit Lenin, a very witty [illegible]f Lenin, who seems much re[illegible]s to her brother's health, and Victor Kopp, a brilliant economist, well known in Berlin.

Both the train and the roadbed have much improved since last spring. I inspected both our own train and the train going in the opposite direction, at Sebezh, and I can testify that not a cover to an axle box was lacking; that the brake levers were all in place, and that the locomotives were well hostled. At all division points the brakes are tested as they are in Germany. All along the line I noted evidences of careful administration, although one still sees much wreck and ruin around the stations.

Our customs inspection at Sebezh was thorough but intelligent. High duties were collected on silks and other luxuries, and no amount of arguing and appealing made the slightest difference in the appraiser's valuations.

Mother Moscow disappointed me at first glance. She has not recovered as fully as I had been told, and bright sunshine and the almost Italian skies could not change that fact. But there are more people on the street, and they are decidedly better dressed and better nourished than last winter. One reads evidence of new hope and reviving confidence in their faces. Perhaps that makes them look more prosperous than they really are.

On the broad avenues where public markets have been set up, ten thousand villages seem to have emptied them-

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selves into Moscow. One discovers all the products of the country, from Crimea to Archangel, and from the Niemen to the Urals. Beautiful cherries and prunes as large as your fist are displayed side by side with almost inedible wild pears; delicate fish from the Volga touch fins with dried salt fish from the White Sea. Butter costs two million rubles for one hundred grammes. Thousands of baskets of apples and pears are on sale, the best of which cost two million rubles apiece. But it is an abominable sight to behold long rows of dirty people, with still dirtier hands, selling meat.

What Moscow still lacks is a regular freight-service. To be sure, more goods are on sale now than last spring; but the supply is still very scanty. Private business and the building trades have not recovered as rapidly as I anticipated. The first effort has been to tidy up the outsides of the dilapidated premises. Many show windows are still boarded up, even along the principal business streets. However, those that do display goods exhibit much better stocks than they did a few months ago. The second-hand business has shrunk, and more Russian textiles are on sale than formerly. Many goods show indications of having been acquired by methods that German, or more exactly bourgeois, business ethics do not approve.

During these August days Moscow is a dead city after seven o'clock, for everybody is away in the suburbs or in the country, and for the most part having a good time. After this hour the town is made almost uninhabitable by the street-sweepers with their big brooms. Evidently there is no provision for sprinkling the streets before they are cleaned, and pedestrians are enveloped in a cloud of dust. But these enemies of hygiene are the first harbingers of better times.

The Kursk railway station is to-day one of the most unattractive places in once tidy Moscow. I believe old Karl Marx and Karl Liebknecht, whose portraits hang in the vestibule, would appeal even to the police, if they could speak, to enforce cleanliness and order. But beneath this superficial chaos a new and efficient organization begins to function. An application to the station chief promptly brought me a sleeping-car ticket for the express to Nizhni, and I found myself at once in quite a different world. A special Fair train has been put on by the railway administration, which runs three times a week during the season. It consists of ten first, second, and third class passenger coaches, a baggage car, and an international sleeping-car. I occupied a second-class compartment with three other travelers. Everything was commendably clean and orderly, and the service was excellent. The journey of some 260 miles costs 32 million rubles, or something over six dollars.

After a comfortable night's sleep I woke up about 5 A.M. and, after washing and dressing, seated myself at the window and looked out into the glorious morning. The landscape breathed peace and industry. The crops were not as far advanced as in the west, but promised a heavier harvest. Besides rye, barley, and oats, I saw much buckwheat, millet, and flax. The further east we went the more hemp was visible at the stations. The heavy bales, each containing well over a cubic yard, are stored in the freight houses and on the roofed railway platforms. I estimated that there were altogether two thousand such bales at five successive stations which we passed. I noticed particularly the station at Chulkovo, on account of its tidy appearance and a great farm in the neighborhood — the first that I had seen on this trip where a tractor was

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working. At another station I bought a glass of weak, oversugared tea for 200,000 rubles. When we were crossing a river, I noticed a stern-wheel steamer below us, loaded with wood and hides.

Shortly before reaching Nizhni I observed that the broad turf-deposits on both sides of the railway were being worked. In the distance a large, modern-looking textile factory was running. Promptly to the minute, on August 25, we pulled into Nizhni.

The station looked utterly neglected, but on closer examination it proved in reasonably good condition as far as essentials were concerned. An exceptionally kindly porter took my luggage and deposited it in the parcel room, assuring me that it would be just as safe as 'formerly.' The porters' union is jointly responsible for luggage entrusted to its members. I tipped the fellow a million. After registering with the Fair authorities, I started out on foot to see the city.

My route took me first to the higher part of the Fair district, which is in good condition. To be sure, you cannot form much of an idea of such an enterprise merely from the street lighting, the sidewalks, the pavements, and similar externals. Then I betook myself to the very centre of the old Fair quarter. It was a scene of desolation. In the midst of the ruins, and covering about one twelfth of the area, stands the main exhibition building erected in 1896, with its neighboring warehouses. Beyond this desolate quarter rises an imposing new cathedral. The whole Fair district is subject to overflow by the Volga and its tributary, the Oka. At their confluence both are twice as broad as the Rhine at Cologne.

From a wooden bridge one hundred and fifty feet wide, which crosses the Oka from the Fair site to the city proper, there is an enchanting and majestic view. On the right lies the town, partly reclining on the steep banks of the river and partly occupying a plateau three hundred feet above. Old walls, some thirty churches and cloisters with brightly painted towers and domes, and white villas, set amid dark green gardens, lend a picturesque aspect to the view in this direction. On the left sweeps the broad confluence of the rivers with hundreds of boats and barges and great, smoking, two-decked Volga steamers upon its bosom; while in the farther distance extend infinite reaches of green country basking in the sunshine.

Six great pavilions of the Volga-Kama Steamboat Company, which connects central and northern Russia with the Caspian Sea and the Urals, are built upon pontoons at the edge of the Volga. Here one sees all the life and motion of an Asiatic seaport: thousands of ragged, dirty people, cooking, sleeping, carrying burdens, begging, and dancing to the music of harmonicas. From the lower quarter, or levee district, two serpentine avenues and a funicular railway — no longer in operation — lead to the better quarter of the city. Unhappily, the visitor has no opportunity to enjoy the beautiful views that greet him at every turn, for unendurable stenches incessantly drive him on. Places over which distance and sunshine throw a glamour from afar, prove on closer inspection to be a desolate chaos of neglect, dirt, and dilapidation. Herds of swine, apparently belonging to no one in particular, roam the streets and squares, evidently performing scavenger service. Private houses, steamboats, warehouses, and structures of every description, whether public or private, are in equal disrepair.

Nizhni was the principal mobilization centre for the Red Army which Trotskii assembled to fight the White generals on the Volga. Some 160,000

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Soviet troops were gathered here, where they could not be properly fed, clothed, or equipped. Consequently, they were compelled to live on the town itself. This explains much of the present ruin. The Fair buildings were wrecked by the Red soldiers, who used their timbers for fuel. Since no organized effort was made to preserve the buildings, this requisitioning soon degenerated into general pillage. The floods that annually overflow the Fair district did the rest.

In view of all these conditions, the situation is not so hopeless as it might seem. Already we discern symptoms of recovery. Dozens of wagon-trains, consisting of twenty or thirty teams, are passing through the streets, laden with various commodities and wares. I saw large stocks of horsehides, salt, meal, worked timber — for instance spokes and fellies — and here and there a wagonload of iron nails and plates. But I saw no manufactures, unless hundreds of thousands of bast sacks, stored against the coming harvest, are considered such. No iron tools or implements or crockery were on sale. No new buildings are under construction, and no old buildings are being repaired.

Both the twenty-fifth and the twenty-sixth of August were regular Russian Fair days, at which some two hundred and fifty official trade representatives from all parts of the country, and a few private merchants were present. I did not see a single German among them. A company of some thirty Persian merchants used the opportunity afforded by the Fair to take up with the authorities certain regulations that are hampering trade between the two countries.

Of course, this year's Fair cannot be compared with its predecessors, either in attendance or in business done. Only about one twelfth of the exhibition buildings are in condition for occupancy. The number present is perhaps one per cent of what it was in the old days, and I fancy, the quantity of merchandise sold will bear a similar proportion to the Fair business of ten or fifteen years ago. According to official reports, the transactions concluded between August 1 and August 20 amounted to about $2,180,000, of which only $44,000 consisted of private sales.

II

No agreement having been reached at the Hague between the Allied Governments and Russia, and a way being open for agreements between private business men and the Russian authorities, I decided to visit Moscow personally in order to look into prospects there. I introduced myself to the official Soviet representatives at Berlin who showed me excessive courtesy, impressed upon me that any difficulties I might encounter would be due to my own Government's remissness in delaying to recognize the Soviet Government, and pleasantly advised me to arm myself with patience.

It took about twenty-four hours to cover the 360 miles between the frontier of Lettland and Moscow. I paid a very modest price for my ticket, including sleeping accommodations. The train was three hours behind its schedule. Only one fourth as many trains are running as before the war. But travelers can move about freely on all the lines, if they take the trouble to reserve places some time in advance.

My first difficulty at Moscow was to find a cab at a reasonable price. There is no official rate, and the *isvostchik* demanded three times the usual fare. I was already accustomed to counting

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money by millions, and finally made a bargain for a quarter of an hour's drive for eight million rubles, or about forty-five cents in American money. The cab horses seem to have suffered less hardship than the people. Occasionally I saw a private carriage, and a few taxicabs are in use. They charge the equivalent of a dollar and a half an hour.

All the first class hotels in Moscow, with a single exception, have been requisitioned for official use. This exception, the Savoy, has been specially reserved by the Foreign Office for the accommodation of important strangers. The establishment provides very primitive comforts: the beds have no mattresses and the plumbing is out of order. But there are sheets and blankets, electric lights, central heating, and a porter who knows several languages. The hotel staff, which is on an eight-hour day, does not go to work until nine. This hotel is a State institution, managed by a commandant, who never appears in public without a revolver; and it enjoys the unbounded admiration of the Chinese, Tartar, Hindoo, and other Asiatic notables who form its principal clientele.

I found lodgings, however, at the home of some friends. All private residences have been pillaged, stripped of their former furniture and belongings, or seized for Government use by the Bolsheviki. There are no longer apartments in the proper sense of the word. Each family lives in a single room, or in two or three rooms, of an apartment, which they share with others. The only exceptions are high officials of the Government and a few newly rich. The latter secure an entire apartment by paying the other tenants to leave. There is no luxury anywhere; even comfort and domestic privacy are virtually unknown.

Police discipline is excellent. During my whole sojourn in Russia I never felt that I was in personal danger. I was on the street at all hours of the night.

The principal avenues in Moscow are well lighted with electricity. The tramways run promptly to the minute. Their fares are the equivalent of about three cents American money until ten o'clock at night, and are doubled after that time. Street traffic is by no means active. The city impresses the visitor as a rather dead town, which does not wake up until the shops are open in the morning. I did not see more beggars nor fewer beggars than before the war.

But what principally strikes the stranger is the way the people dress. Although fashions have gone out of fashion, men no longer wear things left over from before the Revolution. Women no longer appear in soldiers' capes remodelled into cloaks. For some time now fastidious people have again begun to wear collars. Ladies have resumed wearing stockings — which for a time were unprocurable — and now bob their hair.

In the shops you can buy whatever you want. However, they are open only from nine to noon, and from three to six; for the employees work but six hours a day. But the streets are filled with peddlers who stand on the sidewalks selling fruit, rolls, confections, cigarettes and newspapers.

Meals in the restaurants are rather dear. Light meals served table d'hôte cost from four to five million rubles, or about seventy cents in American money. An elaborate table d'hôte dinner or a meal à la carte costs at least twenty-five million rubles, or between four and five dollars. One pays about three dollars a day for a room at a hotel. The common people manage to get along, however, by sleeping four to five in a room, and living upon borsch and tea. The postal, telegraph, and telephone services are in operation regularly throughout Russia. But there

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is just one post office in Moscow, and it is open only from ten to four.

Most of the theatres and about half of the cinemas are running, under Government management. Every evening I visited a different theatre, and I invariably came away surprised because I had not seen a single actor smile, even when called before the curtain by the police. In the Grand Theatre at Moscow, where I saw *Sadko*, the audience was not much to look at. All of those present were in working-clothes and wore caps. The porter of the house where I was stopping secured me four box-seats, for which he charged me twenty-five million rubles, or more than four dollars, each. When I entered the box, I found my porter there. He and his wife had the two best seats. Upon inquiry I learned that the whole box had cost him only thirty million rubles, or less than five dollars, so that he had some seventy million rubles left for a theatre supper.

In general theatre charges are very reasonable; an ordinary seat costs less than fifty cents. But as the theatres are invariably full, one usually has to buy of speculators, who charge two or three times the original price.

At the Hermitage, an open-air music hall, I was surprised at the freedom with which the singers criticized the Government. One of them mimicked Zinov'ev, the mayor of Petrograd, saying: 'Russia is now living in a mandate age' (mandates here mean food cards); 'it is the first country in the world where people are supplied with all the necessaries of life without charge.' An old laborer replied: 'I once knew a country where everything was just as free as here; it was in the days of the Tsars, and in a place governed by the Russians. I was serving a sentence at hard labor in Siberia. We got along a good deal better then than we do now.'

The audience applauded. The singer who mimicked Zinov'ev replied to another laborer who asked him how he lived: 'I live as you would if you had my job.'

At the Art Theatre in Moscow I saw a very original piece, *Princess Turandot*, adapted from an art comedy by Goerz. It was played with tremendous snap and verve, and the staging and acting were as superior as they were novel. At the famous cabaret *Kin-Grust* I heard choruses of Russian, Little Russian, and Gypsy singers that would have delighted a Parisian audience. The Government has changed, but the Gypsy café singers are still the delight of the Russian public.

All the museums and galleries are open, and the great masterpieces of art, without exception, have been preserved. In fact, several former private residences of the better class have been converted into new art galleries. The charge for admission is about four cents.

School attendance is theoretically free and compulsory. The former teaching staff, which belonged to the old bourgeoisie, is being replaced little by little by young teachers from the proletariat. Pupils are classified politically as Party pupils and non-Party pupils. No anti-Communist party is permitted under the law.

Many churches and monasteries have been closed as the result of the separation of Church and State and the poverty of the parishioners. Although the ruling classes pretend to have no religious faith, religious sentiment is still strong among Orthodox Russians. Government officials retain their hats in the Church of Our Saviour; but I have seen everyone on the street make the sign of the cross when a procession of icons passed. Of late, the authorities have shown a desire to propitiate the Church, and they are replacing the former Patriarch with a new man of

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their own choosing. The French Catholic Church is open and is a rendezvous for those Frenchmen who are residing in the city. These number about thirty; in addition there are some two hundred Frenchwomen here whose husbands are Russians.

In the French colony I met an aviator who came to Moscow at his own risk, to establish an aviation field. Among other interesting things that he told me was this: he has been closely associated with the Red Army and has never met a foreign instructor connected with it, either German or otherwise. The soldiers I saw marching through Moscow made a good impression. However, some of the individual soldiers whom I met walking about alone wore ragged uniforms.

THE FRENCHWOMAN'S BOOKSHELF

From the *Times*, *October* 13
(London Moderate Daily)

A woman's bookshelf in France is never untidy. It may be more decorative than instructive, more frivolous than grave, but it is always neat. Either it is a piece of furniture which can be placed in a common sitting-room for those who run to read, or it is something so intimate that it lives in her own room, where none but herself may finger the loved pages.

It is a common custom to have one's books all bound alike in France: hence the yellow-paper backs. Every woman may choose her special binding as she chooses her bookplate. This gives scope, and makes bookbinding a lovable craft. It also gives a certain uniformity to the bookshelves, which is successful as a mural decoration, but has the effect of imposing silence on the most friendly of shelves.

When every book wears the same dress the result is stately and formal, and there is no babel of tongues from the covers. They must be opened for the voices to be heard. The custom is one of national expression. It reveals the exclusiveness of trained taste, and leaves taste that is not trained in the yellow paper-backed stage. Thus, a woman who loves her books as friends protects them by a beautiful cover, and she who does not leaves them to become dog's-eared and dirty from careless use or neglect and indifference.

The library in a French house is always a room to admire, but not necessarily to love. It may be scholarly, aristocratic, or bourgeois in its fittings; it is seldom friendly in the cosy sense. Generations of readers are responsible for its appearance. No tea-table has ever been set before its hearth. The *Field* and the *Queen* have not had a place on its tables. It is, nevertheless, a room beautiful with memories and work. The silence of it is restful and serious.

Quite different is the sitting-room of a woman who has bookshelves she knows and loves. There is intimacy, friendliness, charm. The mistress may be a wide reader, or she may read little but deeply. The point is that she loves what she reads. The modern woman has adopted the fashion of having her

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books bound or covered variously. She selects the cover which best expresses the spirit of the book's contents. It may be in leather, finely tooled, or in colored cloth, in one of the hand-worked papers so much in fashion, in old brocade, or in suède. Every binding has a pictorial meaning to its owner, and as she sits she may scan her shelves from afar and feel more vividly the personality of each book. The idea is somewhat precious, and is occasionally carried to the point of being ridiculous. The complexion of a bookshelf may well be the reflection of a woman's mind.

A girl's bookshelf is somewhat colorless. Its limitations are still fixed by tradition. The French classics, a few English novels, and in childhood selections from the Bibliothèque Rose fill it trimly. Only as a married woman may she openly add the books she most enjoys, and make her bookshelves a live expression of her own taste.

In many Paris flats Frenchwomen have used wall space for bookcases with great ingenuity. An alcove, oblong or semicircular, is fitted with shelves and lined with richly bound volumes. Another room has narrow shelves fitted into each side and over the mantelpiece. In one busy woman's study, with a low ceiling, shelves have been set over the doors and below the window sills, as well as up the walls. In rooms with concealed cupboards, papered and painted to look as if they were solid wall, it is a fashion to take away the door and fill the shelves with books. The recess of an unused door is also filled with books where once a curtain would have been hung.

With rare exceptions, Frenchwomen do not like a litter of books about their rooms. They do not devour novels from circulating libraries, and they buy fewer works of fiction than English or American women. They never buy magazines or picture papers, but are faithful to one or two fashion journals for practical purposes.

Where books overflow is in the rooms of some of the modern French women writers. There one sees books of every complexion, from the yellow-back to éditions de luxe in the most beautiful bindings, from the latest novel to thick volumes on the most obscure of philosophies. Not many Frenchwomen possess a library of foreign books, but a few have collected the works of Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Meredith, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Thomas Hardy. Mr. Wells is a favorite, too, and some read Mr. Galsworthy.

Jane Austen is read by students of English; Trollope not at all. Byron for many years held the place of honor among English poets, but within the last twenty years English poetry has been popularized, and modern publishers are now bringing out limited editions of John Donne, Francis Thompson, and William Blake. Their readers are confined to a literary few, but their effective bindings figure on many shelves.

Fairy-tale books have never had a large space on French children's shelves. They begin to think and reason so young that myths and legends are quickly set aside for scientific truths and logical conclusions. French writers of wild tales of adventure are few, and boys do not have their imagination fired by them to the same extent as English boys. Nursery shelves are not crowded, and when the schoolroom age is reached they are neglected for the lycée bag, which is brought back every night, heavily laden with home-work.

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THE RING-RIDERS OF GRAASTEN

BY PALLE ROSENKRANTZ

[*Palle Rosenkrantz is a Danish playwright and novelist.*]

From *Berlingske Tidende, October* 8
(COPENHAGEN CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

LEANING over the gate of Jep Mathiesen's garden in Adsböl stands Karen, red-cheeked, glowing with health, her gaze bent intently on the Sönderborg road, while the church bells chime the sun's departure and the reflections of its rays spread across the Flensborg Fiord which, like a shining, two-edged sword, divides the tree-clad shores. The air is redolent with blooming jasmines and lilacs, but neither this nor the landscape concerns Karen, who scarcely hears the church bells as her eyes look straight ahead.

All at once a smile lights up her handsome face, a blush spreads over her cheeks, her breath comes quicker, for Ejler — her Ejler — is approaching from Nyböl — the erect, wonderful Ejler whom she loves with her whole soul, but whom she cannot have because he is poor and her mother is a practical woman who wants her to marry August, son of the rich Jörgen Matzen of Flakhave.

Why not? August is the handsomest fellow in Adsböl, big and heavy-set. He was a dragoon in the Great War. He is a good Dane and clever in many things. No girl could wish a better husband than August. The girls in Adsböl and all the neighboring counties are crazy about him, every one of them. But good heavens! why does n't he choose one of them? No, he has taken it into his head that he wants Jep Mathiesen's Karen; and Karen loves Ejler from Skovgaarden.

Ejler comes up to the gate, and as the Adsböl church bell strikes its final note he puts his arm around Karen's waist and kisses her, standing there beneath the jasmines and lilacs.

'Did you get a horse?' she asks anxiously.

The ring-riding festival is to take place on the sixteenth, and Ejler is one of the most skillful young men with the lance in all Skovgaarden.

'Yes and no,' Ejler answers dejectedly. 'The boss at Skovgaarden went back on his bargain to loan me a horse, as he promised when he hired me. It was a splendid animal, that horse of his, and all there is left now is the blacksmith's little gray. Mighty little she is worth!'

Karen smiles. 'God knows that is a fearful brute. Neither white nor gray nor yellow! Hardly any mane or tail, and no bigger than a watchdog! Ejler, Ejler, she is terrible.'

Ejler scratches himself behind the ear. 'Well, there's nothing to be done and a horse is a horse. If only she will gallop I'll get the ring at that.'

From the other side of the road comes the sound of a horse's hoofs. It is Jörgen Matzen's August, practising behind the house. The ring hangs on a cord stretched between two trees, and, sitting high and erect on the big brown saddle-horse, August thrusts his lance unerringly through as the animal gallops under, and then throws it behind him while the blacksmith's small boys

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scramble for it in the mud and place it again in position.

'He rides well,' says Ejler, again scratching himself behind the ear. The brown one neighs loudly as if declaring that she knows her worth; but Karen is on the point of crying.

Of course, Jörgen Matzen was by no means pleased that the daughter of a poor tenant farmer had caught the eye of his handsome son August. He was very rich, was Jörgen, and was it anything but right that the sons of rich farmers should marry the daughters of other rich farmers? Under ordinary circumstances it would have been no easy matter for August to have had his own way about Karen. But during those dreadful days of war, when parents sat at home, praying that God would protect their boys out there, fighting under a foreign flag for a foreign cause, Jörgen Matzen had promised his wife that if August came back to them the boy should have the girl he chose for himself. August did come home, sound in mind and limb, and Jörgen Matzen was not the man to go back on his word. But if there were some discreet way to get around this 'calamity' — would n't that be honest enough? And there was the girl herself, who did not want August but loved Ejler from Skovgaarden, whom she could not have.

Jep Mathiesen, Karen's father, was a good deal of a milksop, but his wife Kirstine was a woman who knew what was what in this world, and she could not comprehend why Karen did not instantly accept August. Jörgen Matzen liked Karen's mother, who had often assisted his rather delicate wife, especially during the strenuous days of the war. They often talked over the affairs of Karen and Ejler, and Jörgen Matzen championed Ejler's courting for his own benefit. But the mother of Karen did not wish her daughter to marry a poor man.

It was the ring-riding festival that gave Jörgen Matzen an idea. In the whole community there were only two who could aspire to be king at the ring-riding in Graasten on the sixteenth day of July — August and Ejler. Both of them were skilled horsemen. To be sure, on a well-broken horse August might win; but then, Ejler was so agile that he did not depend on the horse at all: he could probably snatch the ring no matter what kind of horse he rode. The chances were about even.

Jörgen Matzen talked it all over with August and they concluded that the matter had to be settled somehow. Whichever of the two rivals came off victorious should have the girl. Ejler consented — especially since he felt sure that Karen would n't have anyone else anyhow. Karen's mother was not too well pleased with the arrangement, but Jörgen Matzen promised her that if the contest resulted in Ejler's winning he would get him a place as manager of a big estate in Fiskebaek.

No wonder Karen shuddered whenever she saw August gallop forward on the big brown mare, come to a sudden stop, and snatch the ring as easily as a boy plucks an apple off a tree. Back of the smithy Ejler was practising on his little gray. It had been raining, and the mud splashed around the curious little horse and the woolly legs when Ejler urged her forward toward the ring. How everybody looking on grinned — the young fellows and girls from the neighboring farms! But Ejler kept unconcernedly on with his practice.

'It'll never go,' grinned the men while the girls giggled. Poor Karen hid her face in her apron and cried.

Klip-klap! came the sound from the Fladhavegaarden, where August was hard at it on his brown mare. Each time he caught the ring.

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That is the way it went on for eight days, every evening after the church bells at Adsböl announced sundown. Each night poor Karen put her heavy head on her pillow, while her tears flowed freely. August smiled confidently, and Ejler bit his lips, while the sweat stood out in pearly beads on his forehead.

The day arrives, and with it comes beautiful sunshiny weather and a fresh breeze. The ring-riders assemble in front of the château belonging to the Ahlefedt family, and in festive array the procession wends its way through the town of Graasten. From the tower of the château the clock strikes twelve, and the musicians in their red jockey-caps begin to play from the flower-decked wagons drawn by horses laden with wreaths. In front ride four heralds on powerful Jutland horses with thick, woolly legs. The Danish colors — the white cross on the red background — float from the windows; and those who look on feel their hearts beat loudly because they know that this game, dating from the time before this old piece of Denmark had fallen into the hands of the foreigner, will be kept up now that her sons have returned home.

Crowds are moving toward the ring-riding field back of the schoolhouse. The field is laid out in short courses divided by ropes, and each course is represented by a color — red, green, yellow, white, and blue, with flags fluttering from the poles. The riders are ready at the farther end of the courses. They are to gallop forward and catch the rings on the point of their lances. The riding contest occupies two days. Each rider has forty chances, and the one who gets most rings will be the king.

Two of the 'green' riders know that for them the game means much more than play. Sitting high up on his brown horse is August, decorated with the green scarf that indicates leadership; and last of all comes Ejler on the little woolly brute that is the target for all the spectators' smiles and good-natured banter.

A trumpet sounds. The riding begins. One after another the riders come galloping up, some in short dancing steps, some sure of themselves, others fighting their way ahead, but all with their gaze fixed steadily on the ring where the thrust with the lance is to be made. In nine cases out of ten they miss. The hours pass, and interest centres around the green course where Ejler and August are engaged in their contest for Karen. August's brown mare dances proudly toward the ring. Her rider strikes true and flings it away while the marker writes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so forth. But Ejler is doing quite as well. His woolly little horse does its utmost; and Ejler, raising himself in the saddle like a Sioux Indian on the warpath, lifts his lance, takes no particular aim, because the gray one gallops in and out, and in spite of all difficulties snaps off the ring every time.

The spectators no longer have derisive smiles for Ejler.

Karen stands watching the riding. Her face is flushed from excitement. Her bosom heaves beneath her snow-white waist. When August, with elegant nonchalance, snaps off a ring, a sigh escapes her; but when Ejler on the blacksmith's little gray does the same, a bright smile lightens her face.

They have ridden eighteen times and neither one of them has failed once. Everybody on the ground flocks to the green course, for all understand that the final decision of the ring-riding contest must be given there. Among the onlookers is Jörgen Matzen, pulling meditatively on his pipe. For the nineteenth time August rides forward.

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The brown horse stops too soon, and as he makes his thrust he misses the ring. With a sour smile he rides away, while Karen's cheeks blush more furiously than ever. Ejler comes storming on. He throws a proud glance toward Karen, and then, as the little gray jumps to one side, rider and horse tumble over in the wet grass. Both get quickly on their feet; there has been no damage, but the two rivals once more are even. When the riding ends for the day, each has to his credit twenty-two rings out of twenty-five.

After the sun has gone down, the young people dance in the big tent. Karen dances with Ejler and she also dances with August, but the day has brought no certainty. Everything lies in the hands of the future. Karen hopes, but she fears also, and it is with a heavy heart that she goes to her rest on the night of the first day of the ring-riding festival.

The following day there was no riding. The sun was hidden behind dark skies, and it rained heavily. Karen remained at home sewing. Her mother was sulky; no word passed between them about ring-riding or suitors. But as the weather cleared toward evening Karen heard again that klip-klap from Fladhavegaarden. It was August on his brown mare, getting ready for the fifteen decisive rides next day. Karen glanced out of the window, and at that moment the brown mare fell over on her side in the slippery mud. The rider swung himself free, but the mare could not get up. She was hurt — could not be ridden for weeks.

Quick as a doe Karen ran to the smithy where Ejler was busy with the little gray. As she stood there talking excitedly, August and his father came up. The brown mare was useless; Jörgen Matzen could give his boy another horse, but it would not be trained — which would make a difference. August demanded that the trial should be postponed and the agreement be cancelled, but Ejler was obdurate. Karen cried pitifully, while Jörgen Matzen scratched his neck thoughtfully. Then Karen's mother joined the group.

Of course, it was clear as day that all the advantages were with Ejler. His despised little animal suddenly became a splendid war-horse. He knew her qualities and she knew what was expected of her in the contest. Fifteen rides remained. Ejler had a trained mount, even if she was not much to look at. The best that August could do would be to use one of the heavy coach-horses quite untrained for the work in hand.

For a long time they talked the matter over. Ejler, Karen, and Jörgen Matzen held out against August, while Karen's mother sided with August, who turned at length on his heel, remarking with a haughty glance at Ejler: 'If you want to win Karen by a trick of this kind — well, then, take her! There will be no luck in it for either of you.'

He strode away, but Ejler, with blood-red face, called after him in a quivering voice: 'Never in my life have I done anything crooked. If you will ride your father's red horse, I will take the black one. Let the Lord decide which of us is to have Karen.'

So it was decided; but Karen went to sleep that night with her pillow drenched in tears.

It rained the next day. The ring-riding festival went on, amid a dull apathy. The place was almost empty of spectators. Few were able to hit the ring. Because Ejler and August rode the red and black coach-horses, there was no longer any thought of elegant horsemanship — the only thought was how to get the ring.

Karen stood in the rain, wet and disconsolate. She never moved an inch

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from the table where the marker kept count; but, while the rain poured down, the sun of hope and joy rose gradually in the hearts of Karen and Ejler. In Ejler's hands, the black belonging to Jörgen Matzen did equally as well as the smith's little gray. No matter if she galloped amiss, Ejler managed to catch the ring almost every time. August, on the other hand, got only three out of the fifteen.

So Ejler became king of the ring-riding contest. The prize was a set of harness worth several hundred crowns, but little he cared for that. Ejler had won his Karen — won her fairly, and no one could say that he had taken any advantage of his rival.

That evening Karen danced with Ejler and with him alone. Karen was his queen, and her smile gladdened the onlookers. Jörgen Matzen was as good as his word, and Ejler became manager of the big estate. August has not yet made up his mind which one of the many girls that are crazy about him he will take. But he is sure of one thing: that if you depend more on your horse than on yourself, you do not win a girl by ring-riding in Graasten.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN 1822

BY EDMUND GOSSE

[*The* Sunday Times *published, on October 22, a centennial number. Mr. Gosse is one of the distinguished authorities who contributed articles on the events that have taken place since the founding of the newspaper a hundred years ago.*]

From the *Sunday Times, October 22*
(INDEPENDENT JOURNAL)

THE extension of scientific knowledge and the development of scientific ingenuity between 1822 and 1922 have been greater than existed between the creation of the world and 1822. But we have a very different tale to tell when we speak of literature and the art of expressing imagination in concrete language. Here advance is not progressive and cumulative, but illusive; here the changes are those of a kaleidoscope —a periodical shifting of the same radiant pieces which took other constellated forms when the hand of Æschylus, or even of Kalidasa or Isaiah, revolved them.

It is true that in literature every generation, if it has any mental vitality, strives after improvement, after a new thing — strives to plant its foot a step higher than its immediate forbears mounted. Movement ensues, but history shows that this progress is not made upon a ladder, but upon a wheel, and that literature is nothing but a cage in which the squirrel is forever climbing but never ascending.

This fact makes it difficult to appraise the difference between the poetry and prose of one century and those of another; and it is wise, perhaps, to insist more on the specific alterations than to attempt any praise or blame of the generic distinctions. It seems very

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crude to speak about the 'stupid nineteenth century,' or to pit the eighteenth against the seventeenth. Each epoch makes what pattern it can out of the eternal pieces of many-colored glass which were put into the hands of man when he first discovered the arts of expressive speech.

It would, therefore, be idle to attempt any valuation of 1922 at the expense of 1822. But we may find it amusing to break the historical record sharply at the one date, and see in what way the literature produced a hundred years ago contrasts with what is produced to-day. I will, therefore, attempt to give a bird's-eye view of the condition of English book-writing in the third year of the reign of George IV, and before doing so I must draw attention to the fact that such a survey differs in kind from what is usually taken at the centenary of a particular author's birth. In that case, the mind is thrown back to a period when the author in question was not merely inaudible, but not to be intelligibly heard for at least twenty years.

In our survey to-day, we take into no account those authors who were alive in 1822, but not yet capable of independent self-expression. To put the matter more plainly, in 1822 all the principal authors whom we now call Victorian, down almost to Matthew Arnold, were in being, but they had not yet grown to a stature which makes itself apparent in our Pisgah view. The solitary exception is Carlyle, who just peeps above the horizon with contributions to Scottish magazines, but who has not yet dreamed of publishing a book.

There must, therefore, be no surprise felt at the entire elimination from our record of the profuse Victorian constellation, none of whom had yet emerged from infancy. Tennyson was in his father's vicarage preparing for college, Dickens was a boy packer in a blacking warehouse, Darwin was at Shrewsbury School, Macaulay was an undergraduate at Trinity, and so on. It was, in fact, a dark moment before one of our periodical blazes of sunrise.

If we waked up in the month of October, 1822, we should find that the coming revival was being prepared for, as has so often been the case, by an activity in every department of literature which would not appear to us, with our later knowledge, to respond to any actual manifestation of talent. We should notice a great increase in public curiosity about books, and a vague anticipation of events still unrevealed. The note of expectancy was heard everywhere, with the murmur of a new inquiring or contemplative spirit. The intellect of the country, long exhausted by the Napoleonic wars, was alive again, and alert for stimulus and refreshment, but not clearly conscious from what point, or in what guise, those elements were to arrive.

The reign of George IV — in many respects, and particularly on the surface, a somewhat stagnant period — was nevertheless stirred to its depths by a spirit of inquiry. The waters were remarkably calm to outward view, but the hush that hung over them was that which precedes the descending breeze. A new flood of popular publications, largely reprints of the leading eighteenth-century writers, was preparing the minds of a middle class for the impression presently to be made upon readers by the impact of more or less revolutionary factors in religion, in poetry, in romance, in philosophy. For the moment, in October 1822, we might almost have heard a pin drop in the arena whence there was so very soon to arise a tumult of voices.

The eighteenth century still exercised its moral and didactic authority, and not all of its eminent writers had

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passed away. George Colman was still writing farces, and Mrs. Inchbald was only just dead; even the last survivor of the school of Sterne — Henry Mackenzie, whose *Man of Feeling* was already so remote — could boast that his 'old stump would still occasionally send forth a few green shoots.' Hannah More, in benevolent antiquity, was still cosily ensconced at Barley Grove. Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, the great reviews, Southey, and Jeremy Bentham represented sound, effective prose of a virile kind.

Perhaps what would most vividly strike an observer abruptly returning to 1822 would be the vogue of utility, of common sense, which had set in as a reaction against the romantic revival of the previous generation. There was a general distrust of extravagant language, and particularly of what was stigmatized as 'passion.' Whatever poetry was, it was not to be 'passionate,' it was not to let itself go. In the poems and novels of the Romantics the sad effects of 'passion' had been observed and were now reacted against.

The remarkable Preface to Sir Henry Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde* belongs to a somewhat later date, but it exemplifies the attitude of the leaders of opinion in the reign of George IV with regard to excess or violence in the expression of emotion in art; and the extreme reserve in the notation of sexual experience which Continental critics called 'hypocrisy' was the outcome of this reaction.

Some of those whom we regard as the chief glories of prose in the Napoleonic period were still unrecognized in 1822. The famous essays of *Elia* were as yet known only to readers of the *London Magazine*, although Charles Lamb was approaching his fiftieth year. Walter Savage Landor had been so much discouraged by the obstinate neglect of his writings that he had withdrawn from publication altogether, but in 1822, in his exile at Florence, was bringing the first series of *Imaginary Conversations* to a close. Hazlitt produced his *Table Talk* in the same year, but he was as yet scarcely perceived, outside the narrow circle of his friends, as one of the glories of English prose. De Quincey, who, like Lamb, had hitherto been nothing more than a contributor to the *London Magazine*, brought out anonymously his *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* in 1822.

Leigh Hunt, much attacked but considerably read as a poet, was contributing to the *New Monthly Magazine* and the *Liberal*, but was not yet seriously regarded as a prose writer. Carlyle, an unknown youth from Edinburgh, was starting authorship by preparing his *Life of Schiller*, also for the *London Magazine*, a periodical which one hundred years ago showed far more perspicacity and offered a far more cordial welcome to literary genius than either of the more famous and more pretentious quarterly reviews.

The Essay had risen to a remarkable excellence, and the authors I have just mentioned differed less from the best critical writers of causeries to-day than did the novelists and poets of that age from those of ours. There is much more kinship between Stevenson and Charles Lamb, for instance, than between Katherine Mansfield and Jane Austen, or between Robert Bridges and Tom Moore. But let us glance first of all at the conditions of verse-writing.

The aspect of British poetry a hundred years ago was pacific and stationary. Moore and Campbell were the recognized leaders. The romantic revival had been partly accepted by the critics, but was scarcely recognized by the general public, who could see no difference between Keats and Kirke White — both of whom died of consumption in early youth — save that

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the verses of the latter were more edifying and rested with more confidence on the hope of immortality than those of the former.

It was in this very year, 1822, that the works of Byron, which had been incautiously presented to a young kinswoman of mine, were confiscated by her parents, who substituted for them a richly bound copy of the eighth edition of *The Sabbath* — that gloomy composition in blank verse by the Rev. James Grahame, a pious and pulmonary young cleric whose writings were certified as 'strictly devout.' The epics of Grahame now languish on bookstalls, vainly expecting the sixpence which never comes. Keats and Shelley had lately died, and were already mainly forgotten, although the fuliginous and dreadful Byron still paraded his legend through Italy, and was writing *Don Juan* at Pisa.

But the strong reaction against his 'satanic' genius had set in vehemently in England, where he was now only read in secret by the rebellious young. Rogers, a link between the old and the new, having spent sixteen years in polishing his *Italy*, and having called in Turner and Stothard to aid in its embellishment, now published that commendable and elaborate study in descriptive blank verse. Wordsworth, still in high feather, but with his inspiration much depressed, was sending forth many things from Rydal Mount, and in particular his *Ecclesiastical Sketches*. On the other hand, Coleridge, prematurely old, sat upon Highgate Hill and talked interminably, but wrote no more verse. Southey had become entirely reactionary, and threw the considerable weight of his authority into the scale of law and order. He refused the medal of the Royal Society of Literature avowedly because it presented on its reverse a figure of Mercury that was unclothed. What would our gifted young enemies of 'social control' say to that to-day?

In the province of prose fiction the contrast is very interesting and surprising. It is obvious, as we scan the world of George IV, that the novel had not become, or, more precisely, had ceased for the moment to be, a national institution. It was abundantly produced, but, with one very startling exception, by authors who, in spite of their frequent charm and vivacity, held a secondary position or something less than that. Jane Austen had been dead for four years, and Mrs. Radcliffe, whose importance has only in recent years been recognized, was dying. Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay), lingering in extreme old age, had long been silent. The schools they had created produced few and faint reverberations.

It is hardly necessary, in so rapid a survey as this, to dwell on Galt or Lockhart or Miss Ferrier. Peacock, a solitary oddity out of relation with all normal manifestations of literature, published *Maid Marian* in our year 1822; Maria Edgeworth was puffing along at Edgeworthstown like an amiable little steam engine and had just delighted the world with *Frank*.

But, after all has been said, the solitary commanding figure in fiction was Walter Scott, who had opened a new world to Europe, and in whom the romantic novel culminated at an elevation which dwarfed the stature of all his contemporaries. He had published *The Fortunes of Nigel* in May, and at this moment a hundred years ago he was preparing no fewer than three great books for 1823—*Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St. Ronan's Well*. Scott filled the landscape, and his fame and power were immeasurable; he seemed to have fixed forever the limits and the ambitions of the novel-writer. He reduced the rest of fiction to insignificance.

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It is important to notice that in 1822 the character and direction of the modern realistic novel were unperceived, and that a change in fiction, which was presently to open out to it an immense field of activity, was unforeseen. The notion of a social novel, intended to illustrate the manners of the landed class in England, was dimly forming in the brains of certain young men, but Plumer Ward did not publish *Tremaine* till 1825, nor Lister *Granby*, nor Disraeli *Vivian Grey*, till 1826, nor Bulwer Lytton *Pelham* till 1828. These were the shoots which were to expand into the vast undergrowth of novels of modern life which have crowded the public libraries ever since. There was no hint of them so early as 1822, except in the shape of the abundant 'fashionable' novels which made no pretense of being literature, and the very names of which are scarcely remembered even by special students.

Psychology, little apprehended by Walter Scott himself, was totally neglected by the smaller fry, whose aim went no further than to amuse with witty dialogue, or with humorous or pathetic, but always superficial, observation of social manners. From this, historical romance was the only alternative considered practicable. The general level of the novel (excluding Walter Scott) was much lower than that of either poetry or the essay, and showed no sign of the impending upheaval.

The price of books is a matter of legitimate curiosity, and I have, therefore, been much interested in a paper of notes on that subject, which I have been permitted to consult. These notes were compiled several years ago from the publishers' advertisements of past times. When the Great War broke upon us, and disturbed all our financial traditions, we had scarcely observed the steady and rapid decline in the costliness of printed matter, which had really, by 1914, been reduced to a minimum. Buyers now complain that, since the Peace, books have been extremely expensive; yet the prices which publishers charge to-day compare favorably with what they asked and received a hundred years ago.

Subscribers to the first number of the *Sunday Times* had to put their hands in their pockets if they wished to possess the new publications of the day. A copy of *Peveril of the Peak* cost two guineas, and one of *The Pirate* a guinea and a half. Peacock's *Maid Marian*, a very small volume, was cheap at seven shillings. Fashionable romances, like *Reginald Dalton*, were sold at a guinea and a half. These prices were not falling, but advancing; the charge for *Guy Mannering* had been only one guinea, and twenty years earlier still the average price for novels was only three shillings a volume. By 1822 it was eight shillings. A few years later still the price for Walter Scott had risen to two guineas, and it must be remembered that in those days there was no discount or rebate of any description.

One department of literature was remarkably prominent during the reign of George IV, and is liable to be forgotten to-day, when the subject of which it treated has passed into scientific hands, and has ceased to be looked upon as literature at all. This is political economy. The previous generation had been occupied with metaphysics, which had flourished not less abundantly and vigorously under a group of great minds than it does to-day in the hands of that brilliant cluster of philosophers who have adorned our past decade with their speculations, and still attract a large specialized public.

The metaphysicians of the beginning of the nineteenth century had been careful not to neglect the ornament of style; it was said of Dugald Stewart

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that if he was seldom profoundly original he never failed to be 'rich and elegant.' His master, Dr. Reid, had taught him that the writing of philosophy 'required a genius which soars above the common rank,' and his contemporaries, Mackintosh, Thomas Brown, and Combe, had been assiduous in cultivating the graces. Those ethical philosophers (Brown had died in 1820) were still potent, but they had shot their bolt.

The attention of intelligent and speculative persons had shifted by 1822 to that subject always fascinating in an age of social reconstruction — political economy, the new science which Adam Smith had founded with his pre-revolutionary *Wealth of Nations*. Smith was long dead in 1822, but his grave had been opened and his mantle resumed by a whole congeries of important writers. James Mill had just brought out his *Elements of Political Economy*; Malthus and Ricardo were being widely read; the venerable Jeremy Bentham was one of the moving spirits of the age.

But none of these economists wrote with the charm and the eloquence which had marked the philosophers who preceded them. We may observe in their writings already apparent the chasm which, during the hundred years that have since elapsed, has continued to divide more and more fatally the treatise of exact science from the work of imaginative entertainment.

Since the seventeenth century, with its Donnes and its Jeremy Taylors and its Souths, theology in England has increasingly divorced itself from pure literature. But there never was a moment when divinity was cultivated in a style more dry and unattractive than in the reign of George IV. The great Evangelical revival, the features of which are so strangely overlooked by our historians, may be said to date from about 1820; it was of extreme social importance, but its leaders expressly excluded from their teaching all solicitude about style. Charles Simeon laid it down in so many words that the only question to be asked of a book is, 'Does it uniformly tend to humble the Sinner, to exalt the Saviour, to promote holiness?' It needs the genius of a Pascal to execute such a programme. The Reverend Robert Hall, belonging to a very different school, aimed at eloquence in sermons which may still be dipped into with enjoyment, and the profuse imagination of Dr. Thomas Chalmers is a byword.

These were respectively the ornaments of English Nonconformity and of the Scotch Free Kirk. The orthodox establishment may be said to have added nothing to literature throughout this sterile and even deadly period, and although the young Newman had just become a Fellow of Oriel, not so much as the first flush of the Oxford Revival lighted up the leaden horizon of British theology.

Those who delight in depreciating the past in their zeal for the magnificence of the present may find considerable arguments in favor of their partiality when they compare 1822 with 1922. Yet I am not sure that their complacent attitude does not rest upon a fallacy. I have pointed out that the movement of literature is rotatory, so that what rests upon the wheel of it is now up, now down, while the framework on which it revolves is stationary. In the reigns of George IV and William IV the wheel ran low. It had soared magnificently in the previous generation; it was to soar again in the middle years of Victoria.

The more closely we examine the records, the less essential difference do we find between the literary conscience of one age and of another. Individual talent, expressing itself in favorable

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conditions, decides whether an epoch shall be brilliant or dull in literature. The field in 1822 seemed comparatively barren, since the most clearsighted optimist could hardly foresee the rich harvest of the coming thirties and forties. Since then there has been an immense widening of the classes to whom the art of expression appeals — that is, perhaps, the main essential difference which has set in through the course of a hundred years.

Quantity has prodigiously increased, but it is quality which tells in the progression of the ages. Has there really been, through our huge extension of appeal, any sensible advance in quality? I leave this embarrassing question to be answered by those better versed in popular taste than I am.

FRAYS AND FISTICUFFS

BY BASSETT DIGBY

From the *Manchester Guardian, October* 3
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

LIFE is so inartistic, so full of loose ends and extraneous details. Backgrounds and their foregrounds so seldom harmonize. Few episodes are sufficient unto themselves. . . . There was that night in a Japanese port, however. It might have dropped out of the Seven Seas. The wraith of Kipling hung gloatingly behind it.

A crisp night in November. A sky full of hard, clear little stars. Colored-paper lanterns swinging from silently flitting rickshas. Looming liners along the waterfront. A Messageries Maritimes boat was sailing at midnight; a moonwashed wisp of steam floated from her raking smokestacks. Little black sampans cleaving the molten silver of the harbor. Glimpses of lofty white liner bridges and the silhouette of monstrous cranes. High blank walls of warehouses. Strangely silent, as Japanese streets are at night. Hardly a murmur from the thronged bazaar, half a mile away.

On the waterfront I found an extraordinary little hotel. The hotels around the China Sea are either bespittooned Yankee grog shops, reeking of rye whisky and curses and sawdust, or large tourist palaces, all verandas and white-uniformed 'boys.' This was any cosy little inn transplanted bodily from an English country town.

In the low-ceilinged billiard-room a cheery coal fire was burning. On the walls were quaint Cecil Aldin pictures of dogs and huntsmen and old sporting prints. Plain men were drinking beer out of pewter mugs. The only note of incongruity was ordering cherry brandy from a Chinese barman! I took my glass over to a little table by the fire, sat down in a comfortable grandfather chair, and called for a churchwarden. 'Solly, sir; no can do,' said the barman, apologetically.

I sipped my cherry brandy and mused about the world, and its multiplicity of men, their exuberances and their reticences. I wondered whether it was head-hunter, typhoon, or fever

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that awaited me down in the Malay Archipelago — and I wondered why, with hundreds of pounds in one's pocket and the right of way to so many safe and pleasant places on the earth, one still went ahead into regions frowned upon by actuaries. And I lit a pipe. . . .

Turning to call for more matches I noticed that the bar was filling up. There were ships' under-officers in uniform and mufti — Frenchmen and Englishmen. And there were a dozen American bluejackets with a couple of their petty officers. An American battleship was in harbor, on the way up from Cavite to Vladivostok. Hearing rather than listening, I began to notice a current of cheerful hostility creeping into the burble of talk. This generally happens, I have noticed, when American and British bluejackets foregather in bars. They do not deign to quarrel with the bluejackets of other races, holding them in too deep contempt. This was shortly after the war, moreover, when the excellent Mr. Daniels was planning billion dollar fleets to lick creation, and every American naval messroom already felt itself a creation-licker *in esse* and swashbuckled with engaging naïveté in foreign ports. . . .

The groups avoided converse with each other, but each group talked 'at' the other in the guise of private chit-chat. It was not long before epithets began to be audible. The 'psychologic moment' had arrived when, as Mr. Kipling has noticed, even wise attendants 'leave the lit casino clear.' But Chinese barmen don't. Throughout the subsequent proceedings Wee Sung continued to function with the utter imperturbability of the glowing fire and the electric light.

I noticed a sudden movement in the crowd at the bar.

I have seen sudden movements, amid sudden lulls, in Levantine bars — Catania, for instance. There is a grunt; and someone, having crossed himself, places a red handkerchief over the dead man's face until the police trundle round a bier to take him to the morgue. But these were white men.

It was merely a bluejacket quietly and swiftly stripping to the waist. 'Said the Gahrdam Japs would mighty soon clear us outer the Philippines, with a coupla gunboats!' echoed a scandalized young creation-licker to a comrade. The British purser was stripping now. A ring was formed between the two billiard-tables. Glowering at each other, the men stepped into it.

Hard-breathing. The thud of heavy fists. A pretty-evenly matched pair.

The Chinese barman went on rinsing and wiping glasses, surveying the fight with complete detachment.

It was in the third round that a flung soda-water bottle caught the referee on the back of the head. Down he went like a poleaxed bullock. Simultaneously a well-placed left caught the purser under the jaw. Falling, his head struck the side of the billiard-table, inflicting a bad gash. A friend of the referee's snatched up a tumbler and hurled it into the far corner, where lurked the coy donor of the bottle. Then — then, I repeat, things broke loose.

From my place of retreat under the billiard-table I watched cosmopolitan legs in grotesque strife, and awaited the probable revolver. . . . What a notable thing is the spattering shower ensuing when a hard-flung billiard-ball, missing its quarry, crashes into a bottle of crême-de-menthe! I can see it now when I shut my eyes. A fountain of emeralds. . . .

'Give us a fag, old man! I've copped one!' remarked a gory face that had crawled under the table to share my solitude. 'Siphon that was. Something cruel. Look at my shirt.' Thud! Another body went down, near the fire-

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place. 'That's Charley — Blue Funnel bloke.'

'Did you say that that is, or *was*, Charley?' I inquired. 'I think "was" would be more correct.'

There followed a most stimulating noise. Someone had hove half a scuttle of coals at an American bluejacket and then sent along the scuttle as make-weight. The scuttle went through the plate glass window into the street.

'Say, boys, we gotta quit! The cops'll be right along naow!' sang out an American petty officer. 'Get our bunch out! Quit, I tellya!'

The quitting did not take long. It was swift and methodical. A bluejacket slipped out and came back with a dozen ricksha-men trotting at his heels. The wounded were given an arm. The unconscious were carried. Swiftly and silently they were dumped into the little two-wheeled mailcarts, like so many over-sized, naughty children.

When the last had gone the petty officer popped in again through the swing door for a last comprehensive survey of the battlefield. Under the sole remaining electric light lay a Dantesque vision of still men among red pools and wreckage, blurred through air thick with tobacco fumes. Broken glass scrunched beneath my feet as I walked to the door. And there, in the background, stood the amazing Chinese barman, quietly clearing his shelves of litter. His duty was to have a tidy bar. Others would appear in time to clear up the injured.

How still and starry was the night outside! What fools men are, I mused. I walked quickly along the waterfront, keeping close to the wall, which is wisdom on these occasions. . . .

'Yes, madam,' I heard our purser tell a sympathetic lady passenger next morning. 'Slipped down the aft companion-way last night. Nasty cut. It is always safer to hold the handrail.'

'Or to sit under the billiard table, Mr. Blake,' I suggested. He blushed.

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EPITAPH IN BALLADE FORM

WHICH VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS, WAITING TO BE HANGED WITH THEM

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

[*The 'Ballade des Pendus' is one of the most famous of François Villon's poems. We reprint here the first English translation since Swinburne's.*]

[*To-Day*]

Brothers among men who after us shall live,
Let not your hearts' disdain against us rise,
For if some pity for our woe ye have
The sooner God your pardon shall devise.
Behold, here five or six of us we peise;
As to our flesh, which we fed wantonly,
Rotten, devoured, it hangeth mournfully;
And we, the bones, to dust and ash are riven.
Let none make scorn of our infirmity
But pray to God that all we be forgiven.

If, brothers, we cry out, ye should not give
Disdain for answer, even if justice 't is
That murders us. This thing ye should believe,
That always all men are not wholly wise;
Pray often for us, then, not once or twice,
Before the fair Son of the Virgin Mary,
Lest that — for us — His grace prove injury
And we beneath the lord of Hell be driven.
Now we are dead, cease importunity
And pray to God that all we be forgiven.

The rain doth weaken all our strength and lave
Us, the sun blackens us again and dries;
Our eyes the ravens hollow like a grave;
Our beards and eyebrows are plucked off by pies.
Never rest comes to us in any wise;
Now here, now there, as the wind sways, sway we,
Swung at the wind's high pleasure ceaselessly,
More pecked by birds than hazel nuts that ripen.
Be ye not then of our fraternity
But pray to God that all we be forgiven.

ENVOI

Prince Jesus, above all hast mastery,
Let not high Hell become our seigniory,
There we have naught to do nor order even.
Brothers, keep here no thought of mockery
But pray to God that all we be forgiven.

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AMERICA — A TALE OF NEAR EAST RELIEF

BY GEORGII GREBENSTCHIKOV

[*The following tale is translated from a collection of stories by this young Russian author, entitled* In A Certain Kingdom, *meaning* Once Upon A Time, *the way fairy tales begin. We give bibliographical data regarding this volume elsewhere.*]

It was that island in Turkey, in the Sea of Marmora, of which I had heard so much from my young compatriots.

It was a small island — two hours would be sufficient to sail round it. From the sea it appeared dull and sad, stony and uninhabited. The vegetation was sparse — no pretty villas, no smart hotels were to be seen. The most arresting feature was a little group of two-storied houses, with the United States flag flying gayly above them; and beyond the houses, on a green meadow, were planted rows of green tents — the camp for refugees who had fled from Russia.

That afternoon, while the steamer stopped for its accustomed two or three minutes at the quay, merry games were in progress in the children's camp. Dinner was over, and the children were beginning a new, fascinating game, which the professor of physical culture had invented. Excitement had prevented the children from noticing that a pale, ragged boy had been brought from the steamer to the camp. But everybody became aware of the fact when the teacher, having settled the boy on a chair in the large tent, began to cut his hair. About halfway through this operation, and when part of the head had been clipped, a noisy crowd of boys and girls rushed into the tent and, struck by the spectacle of the funny head with tufts of hair sticking out, burst into laughter and giggles.

Like a frightened squirrel, the newcomer cast sidelong, anxious looks on the children and sulkily turned away.

'Don't! Don't turn your head!' exclaimed the teacher in friendly admonition, and asked: 'What is your name?'

'Serioja,' answered the boy sullenly.

'Well, Serioja, don't be angry with them, and don't think they are laughing at you. Just wait until I have trimmed your hair, and washed and dressed you, and then see what a nice little boy you will be. And when we have fed you up and taught you to laugh as they do, we will see who will laugh loudest!'

The little boy looked up and smiled incredulously.

The teacher removed the last, funniest tuft, and said in another tone: —

'Well, now, let's go to the bathroom. Hush, you,' he added, turning to the noisy group. 'What are you doing here, anyway?' And shielding the newcomer's exit, he led him to the bath tent.

When Serioja came out, washed and dressed in clean, new clothes, the children had just been given large slices of bread thickly spread with jam, and were having a lovely time. They surrounded Serioja with some curiosity, but without laughing or making faces at him any more. Meanwhile the housekeeper, Lioubov Vladimirovna, brought and gave Serioja the largest, most appetizing slice of bread and jam.

Serioja took the bread, looked it over carefully, and retired with it, away from the children. He could not tear his eyes away from that slice, and his looks said plainly that he could not believe so much bread and so much jam might be eaten at one time. His

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fragile little neck, with a deep hollow at the back, was bent over the bread like the stem of a dandelion in the wind. He closed his eyes and, opening his mouth, took a careful bite from the very edge of the slice — and having satisfied himself as to the reality of it, sat down on a bed and gave himself up to the delight of this marvelous treat.

Nobody — nothing — existed for him — he neither heard, nor saw, nor noticed what was round him. Life was a beautiful, wonderful dream, and with increasing rapidity he devoured his bread and jam, looking at it meanwhile with the darkened, visionary eyes of a sleepwalker.

The other children had grouped themselves round him, watching him, a little quieted and subdued by the remembrance of their own near past — a past as hungry and painful as his own. Fat little Tania came up quite close to him, and stroking his sleeve, glanced up into his eyes.

'You were hungry over there in Russia, were n't you?' she asked, curiosity and compassion in her voice.

But Serioja did not answer. He was in a state of bliss when such silly questions are not even heard; although questions continued pouring in upon him.

'Are your papa and mamma alive?'

'Were there any Bolsheviki there, where you came from?'

'Can you read French?'

'You are dumb, are n't you?'

Serioja at last looked up at the laughing children with a pained expression, and suddenly declared in an important tone: 'I used to gather cones!'

'What cones? What do you mean? Can you eat cones?'

'Pine cones,' answered Serioja, raising his voice. 'We all used to gather them, to make a fire.'

'Whom do you mean when you say "we all"?'

'All the children,' said Serioja, slightly annoyed, and added instructively, 'We used to sell them and then we could buy all we needed.'

'What did you come here for, then?' unexpectedly asked one of the boys.

Serioja pondered before replying, looking sternly at the children. Then he declared: 'Georgik Peskov and I ran away to America!'

This unforeseen explanation somewhat staggered the children.

'To America?' repeated a boy; and little Katia drew near to Serioja and said, severely: 'Well — and what happened then?'

'Well, then, we were caught on the steamer. Georgik was sent back to his parents, and I was sent here. . . . My mamma had died of typhus. . . . '

'And your papa?'

'Papa was in prison. . . . ' Serioja gulped, and an awful memory widened his eyes, filling them with tears. A morsel of bread, unnoticed, fell out of his twitching mouth.

Moved and frightened, the children were silent, and fat little Tania put her arm round Serioja's neck to comfort him.

'Don't cry. . . . You will forget it all, here with us. . . . It is so jolly here! . . . We play football!'

'What's the matter?' asked the teacher, entering the tent; and when he heard what they had been talking about, he patted Serioja tenderly and drew his attention back to the remains of his bread and jam.

In the evening, Serioja's cheeks were blazing. It was long since he had run, and played, and laughed so much. It was longer still since he had had such a supper. There was a feeling of birthdays in the air, which was intoxicating. Everyone was looking at him kindly, and he could not keep his eyes off his new clothes, his soft shoes, and especially the teacher, who in difficult mo-

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ments was always there to help him out and show what was to be done. After supper they played a little longer, and then came the time to wash — which seemed strange to Serioja. At home, even in the morning, it was not often he washed. He had to rush at daybreak to take his place in the queue at the baker's; from there straight to the woods, for the pine cones; in the evening he staggered home with his load of two bags full of pine cones; and early, early in the morning he had to run to the market, sell them, and hurry to the baker's queue again. There was no escape from this routine. . . . While here! . . . No — surely it must be a dream! In a dream he sees the rows of cots and the children saying their prayers. And after the prayers — this is a dream too, of course: it is only in dreams that such things happen — the teacher says: —

'Now you had better undress. You see everybody undresses before getting into bed.' And Serioja sees that, in very truth, the children are diving under their white sheets like a shoal of little fishes into the sea foam.

'Well, what is it?' asks the teacher. 'Here we do as the Americans do. This is not Russia. You won't be cold.'

'Is this really America?' timidly asks Serioja, tugging at his shirt.

'Of course,' answers the teacher soberly; and Serioja gets into bed, his eyes wide open and his heart thumping. Is it possible? At last! America!

Above the beds a night light hung in the middle of the tent, under a green shade. It threw a greenish tinge on all around, just as it did in the wood — in that same wood where Serioja gathered pine cones and brushwood. A certain confusion crept into his mind, and things became somewhat mixed and tangled. He is looking for pine cones and instead he finds a slice of white — oh, so white! — bread, covered with jam! But Kolia Ignatovitch, a bad, bad boy, snatches it out of his hand, because Serioja has stepped out of line, in front of the baker's closed doors. But the baker gives him a loaf, black and bristly like a pine cone, and then Kolia's dog runs off with it, too! That dog is a terrible one — ragged like the sailor with the wet mop in his hands, snarling at them: —

'Away with you! Look at them, hiding under the cables! Just you wait and see how I am going to throw you overboard! . . .' And then Serioja and Georgik Peskov creep out guiltily from under the heavy, tarred ropes and whimper in excuse: —

'We wanted to go to America!'

'I will show you America!' growls the whole steamer, and the green waves surge and splash, opening out to the very bottom and contemptuously shaking their white manes. . . .

'I won't do it again — I won't!' suddenly shrieks Serioja and, flinging himself out of bed, rushes out of the tent. But the teacher catches him in his arms and pressing him close whispers:

'What is it? What frightened you?'

'I wanted to go to America — to America,' stammers Serioja, shaking and shivering, while his large eyes look mistrustfully at the green night-light, on the neighboring cots, on the awakened and frightened children; he half believes, half disbelieves that he is not dreaming still, that he is somewhere — safe — not in his old home. . . .

And the teacher, having quieted the child, stands long by his cot, covering him up snugly with the blanket, tenderly caressing the cropped head, in silence; and Serioja falls into a deep, sweet sleep, not yet quite convinced that to-morrow he will awake in this wonderful America, where bread and jam are to be had for the asking. . . .

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A PAGE OF VERSE

AVE CÆSAR

BY HORACE MOULE (1862)

[*London Mercury*]

When the Emperor lay a-dying
And an unresisted spell
Like a cloud across his eyelids
From the land of darkness fell,
'Ave, Cæsar!'
Sounded o'er him like a knell —
'Ave, Cæsar!'
From the borderland of hell.

For a vision rose upon him
In the dimness of the night,
Dark at first, but clear and clearer
Ere he died at morning light —
Musing, musing,
All too late, on Wrong and Right;
('Ave, Cæsar!')
'T was a vision of affright.

Lo! the storied Coliseum,
All in blaze with green and red;
Lo! the elephant and panther
On the canopy overhead;
Sand is strewing
Where the fighting-men have bled;
('Ave, Cæsar!')
Men are dragging off the dead.

Now a myriad ranks are silent,
Watching what may next befall;
And another troop advances,
Buckler'd Thracian, sinewy Gaul;
Them the trainer —
Loud, uncaring, daring, all —
Unto Cæsar
Brings, to greet him ere they fall.

'Ave, Cæsar Imperator!'
Thus they used to shout of old;
'Dying men salute thee, Cæsar!'
Thus the horrid greeting rolled
In the vision,
Round and round his bed of gold,
('Ave, Cæsar!')
While his limbs were growing cold.

And they waved their arms before him;
Touched the purple one by one;
Said, 'The dying greet thee, Cæsar,
From another world begun,
(Ave, Cæsar!),
Where our servitude is done;
(Ave, Cæsar!)
Emperor and slave are one.'

THE GOLDEN BIRD

BY JAMES STEPHENS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

If Joy, the Golden Bird, would fly,
Do not close a hand upon her;
She belongeth to the sky,
With all the winds of heaven on her:
Only when her wings are free
Bird of Lovely Life is she.

He who Joy of Life would store
Heart of his be widely open;
Throw the key out with the door,
Throw the hope out with the hopen;
Give her, as she finds in sky,
Place to dip and soar and fly.

She will come again, I wist;
She of thee shall not be frighted;
She shall sing upon thy fist;
By her shall thy dark be lighted;
By her freedom thou art given
Right and room in joyous heaven.

AT PARTING

BY E. NESBIT

[*Many Voices*]

Go, since you must, but, Dearest, know
That, Honor having bid you go,
Your Honor, if your life be spent,
Shall have a costly monument.

This heart, that fire and roses is
Beneath the magic of your kiss,
Shall turn to marble if you die
And be your deathless effigy.

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THE OWL

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*Pixies' Plot*]

An owl alighted in the yew
Beside a poet's little house;
The hour was nearly half-past two,
And, as he ate his juicy mouse,
A cuckoo clock made cheerful chime
Within and shouted out the time.

'O gracious God!' the owl began,
And rolled his round eyes at the moon.
'What a black piece of work is man—
Well might we miss cuckoo in June.
How mad, misguided, inhumane
To keep a cuckoo upon a chain!'

A CREED

BY ADRIAN BURY

[*New Witness*]

'Tis not for me to solve
God's strange and secret laws:
How the round worlds revolve
And what gigantic cause
Keeps the cold moon in place
And the hot sun alight,
Or why each starry face
Beatifies the night.
I do not care how much
Remains to me unknown,
So long as I may touch
To Beauty's lips my own.

FIRES

BY JOSEPH CAMPBELL

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

The little fires that Nature lights —
The scilla's lamp, the daffodil —
She quenches, when of stormy nights
Her anger whips the hill.

The fires she lifts against the cloud —
The irised bow, the bearing tree —
She batters down with curses loud,
Nor cares that death should be.

The fires she kindles in the soul —
The poet's mood, the rebel's thought —
She cannot master, for their coal
In other mines is wrought.

CATHEDRAL INTERIOR

BY HAROLD ACTON

[*Spectator*]

The pear-shaped saffron candle-flames
Leap in the velvet-bosomed dark,
The priest speaks gently of God's claims
To wistful folk with coughs that bark.

Here all is hushed and rabbit-still,
The bull-necked columns, numb with gout
Of countless ages by God's will
Cast crêpe-like shadows long and stout.

Two narrow slits of colored glass
Are pierced by spears of mellow light.
The only light allowed to pass
Into this consecrated night.

Behind a candelabra droops
A crucifix of burnished gold,
A ray of dancing sunbeams swoops
Across the cobwebbed arches old.

Here may the sick, the bleeding one
Nurture his wounds and calm his fears.
Here when their joy in life is done
Poor, crumbling men gulp salty tears.

And knotted fingers counting beads,
And prayers half-whispered never cease.
Man slumbers; only heaven heeds,
Here in this hollow womb of peace.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE DIFFICULT ART OF TRANSLATION

In comparative hardness the ways of the translator and the transgressor are about equal. There are, in fact, those who decline to see a difference between the two, and propose to cast them both into limbo together. Among these stern censors of literary morals is Doctor J. B. Postgate, who has written a book on *Translation and Translations* in which he lays down rules for the guidance of practitioners of this most difficult of the arts, and holds up some horrible examples of bad translation to spur their (potentially) erring footsteps.

Among the most horrible of Doctor Postgate's examples is Professor Gilbert Murray. His translations of the Greek dramatists, it would appear, do not at all accord with the Postgatian rules. (But does this reflect on Professor Murray or on Doctor Postgate?)

Having warned us of the awful fate that befalls the bad translator (he may, it appears, become as bad as Professor Murray — a fate that some of us would n't mind a bit), Doctor Postgate raises several very interesting questions. Shall we be 'accurate' at all costs — and probably end by distorting the writer's meaning? Or shall we strive for literary finish — and say the same thing as the writer in a way the writer would have trouble recognizing? Shall we try to improve the author we are translating? Or shall we — when he writes bad French, Greek, or Russian — dutifully render him into bad English and prepare betimes for the outcry of our constant readers?

Truly, it is no light matter, this craft of coaxing another man's thought to change its clothing and yet appear the same. For if our clothes are a part of our personalities — as any metaphysician can demonstrate — how much more is the same idea different in English, in Russian, in French, or in the staid old languages of Greece and Rome. Perhaps if Doctor Postgate were to try to translate the Greek dramatists to satisfy a theatrical producer (but alas! what theatrical producer wants them translated?) he might be a little less stern in his demands. As well expect a man to feel the same and act the same and *be* the same in a Japanese kimono, a Russian peasant's blouse, the redingote of the boulevards, or a business suit, as require ideas to be identically the same in different languages.

Languages have an irritating array of gaps. What one expresses in a word or a phrase, another can eventually make clear in a course of lectures. 'Nitschevo!' says a Russian when you apologize for treading on his toe, or when the Bolsheviki confiscate his estate and drive him into exile. Perhaps, with an intensive study of Russian fatalism, history, character, and philosophy, you may eventually squeeze what he means into English — but you will not do it in one word. And what, pray, is the English equivalent of the French *donc?* There was a story with an untranslatable title in *La Revue Bleue* the other day — and the untranslatable title was very easy French. *Le Prisonnier de Lui-Même* — a child knows what it means. But let no one be so naïve as to fancy that he has translated it when he calls it 'The Prisoner of Himself,' or 'His Own Prisoner,' or anything so obvious. The French versions of *Hamlet* are excellent French, but they are

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worlds away from Shakespeare. 'Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!' '*Quelle action furieuse et sanglante!*'— Is it a satisfying substitution?

It is embarrassing to confess — in a magazine consisting largely of translations — that even the best translations are not very adequate. But veracity has a way of being embarrassing.

The counsel of perfection is this: Learn all the languages yourself. Read Russian and perhaps (after you have learned what verbal 'aspect' is, and how a verb can have gender) you will comprehend the mind of Lenin. Master the intricacies of ideogram and kana and you may come to a closer understanding of the Japanese mentality. But by the time you have delved into all the grammars in all the world, your span of life will be very nearly spun, and all your languages will avail you nothing.

There is no help for it. Translations we must have, and all we can ask of the translator is that he know both his languages and the subject with which he deals. Let him do his work honestly. Let him labor over the turn of a phrase, and substitute idioms as best he can. In the end he will give us something worth having; and if he is very good —or if the original is very bad—we may have something better than the original.

The translator's craft is useful though it be humble. Nor is it always humble. The great and near-great mingle in bewildering array among the English translators — Chapman, Marlowe, Coleridge, George Eliot (still writing as Marian Evans when she made her superb version of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*), William Morris, Longfellow, Bryant, Lang, Leaf, Teixeira de Mattos and Murray. Let us assert it defiantly— in the teeth of all the professors: there has been great writing, even in translation.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, HIS AUTHOR, AND THE FAIRIES

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's latest explorations in the realms of the supernatural, as presented in his latest book, *The Coming of the Fairies*, have not met with unalloyed approval in England. Of all the critics, however, Mr. Maurice Hewlett had the happiest inspiration. He did not trouble to puzzle his own brains over the problem, but took the whole difficulty straight to Mr. Sherlock Holmes himself. How he found his way to that well-known address, 22-b Baker Street, Mr. Hewlett does not say, but he found Sherlock at home and ready to talk.

Their conversation is recorded in the London *Outlook:* —

'Holmes,' I said, 'I am worried about Doyle. You know him well?'

He raised his sharply cut brows. 'Doyle?' he said. 'Poor Doyle! Yes, I have known him for years — since childhood, in fact. We were intimate for a long time together; but I had more sympathy, I fancy, with his brother.'

He startled me — but that was his way. 'His brother!' I faltered; 'now I never knew until this moment —'

He gave me one glance over the bowl of his pipe and the flame of his vesta, then in full activity. Presently, emitting a cloud of tobacco smoke — 'Oh, yes, his brother was my close ally — I may say my bosom friend. But the change of name may have misled you. Well — there were good reasons for that.'

I think then I may have had an inkling of the truth. If I had, I was careful to control myself. 'What is the name, Holmes?'

Holmes pulled at his meerschaum. 'He calls himself Watson,' he said.

It was marvelous — or with anybody else it would have been marvelous, that a man should foreshadow the answer to an inquiry not yet put to him — but I knew my Holmes! I let the astounding revelation go unnoticed.

'Holmes,' I said, 'I should be obliged if

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you would run your eye over this little book of Doyle's. I am afraid all is not well with him.' Holmes put out a hand for the book, which, when he had it, he did not at once look at.

'Light, very light,' he said, weighing it in his experienced hand. 'But Doyle has prepared me for insubstantial things lately. What would you have? A sanguine temperament, a warm heart, an instinct for adventure and relish for melodrama — those qualities combined with an invalid headpiece! But — well, let us look at the little work.' He glanced at the title, and took a quick breath.

'Ha!' he said. 'Now I know where we are. You observe the title? An arrant *petitio principii*. It asserts what the text is intended to prove.' He laid the book upon his knee. 'Watson,' he said, 'is at the bottom of this. He always was a dunce. But it is too bad of him.'

'Is it possible?' I cried, really taken aback. 'Is there a partnership?'

'I would not go so far as that,' said Holmes dreamily. 'It is possible that Doyle — a most good-natured fellow — wrote the book. The title is clearly his brother's, and I suspect we shall find his suggestion between every two lines of the text — if text it can be called.'

He turned over a few pages, barely glancing at the photographs. A faint smile hovered over his sensitive lips, and sharpened the facial lines. 'At his old tricks, I see. Here we have it. Watson is writing a "theosophical work," it seems — that is, Doyle is writing it on Watson's suggestion. Then comes this Cottingley stunt, and "Gardner" goes down there to investigate. *Gardner!* A transparent pseudonym for *Pardner*. Watson goes to Cottingley, and swallows it whole. And Doyle lends himself! A foolish business — a foolish business!'

♣

HORACE MOULE AND THOMAS HARDY

We reprint this week a poem by Horace Moule, which is communicated to the *London Mercury* by Thomas Hardy. In sending the verses, Mr. Hardy wrote to the Mercury: —

This fine poem was originally published in *Once a Week* in the summer of 1862, having been written after a short visit to the International Exhibition of that year, in which was hung a picture by Gérôme of the interior of the Coliseum during the Empire. The poem has never been reprinted.

The author of the verses was born at Fordington Vicarage, Dorchester, in 1832, died unmarried at Queen's College, Cambridge, 1873, and was buried at Fordington. He was Hulsean prize man at the University, an accomplished Greek scholar and musician, and had early showed every promise of becoming a distinguished English poet. But the fates said otherwise. As a prose writer he was for many years on the staff of the old *Literary Gazette*, and on that of the *Saturday Review* in the eighteen-sixties under Cook and Harwood as editors. He was also an occasional reviewer in the *Quarterlies* of that date.

♣

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND THE WAR

The *Zoölogical Record* is an annual volume published in London, which lists all the papers on zoölogical subjects printed at any time during the year, together with brief summaries of the most important ones, and exhaustive indexes by subjects, authors, and species. Its immense importance to research workers in zoölogy, who wish to inform themselves of previous work on any particular subject, may be imagined.

When the *Record* was founded in 1864, its first number appeared as a fair-sized volume about the size of the average novel. From that date until 1913 it grew gradually, so that to-day a complete shelf of the *Record* looks like a graph representing the development of research throughout the world. It is a very gradual increase, so gradual that two consecutive volumes invariably appear the same size, whereas two volumes taken ten years apart show a marked difference. The

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Zoölogical Record, 1913, is as big as *Who's Who*.

With the 1914 volume comes the change. Half the year was over, to be sure, before the war broke out; but its results are immediately apparent. The *Zoölogical Record*, 1914, is nearly the same as the *Zoölogical Record*, 1864. Students had been called to the colors; professors had been set to more 'practical' tasks than scientific research; and the scientific journals — which the world over are likely to rest on precarious financial foundations — suspended publication right and left. Monographs that represented years of work were left to lie in manuscript, while the scholars gave up their peaceful task of studying life for the warlike one of taking it.

Through the war years the *Record* managed to keep on appearing. After the war it began to increase in size again — but very slowly; and the last volume, that for 1920, is little more than half the size of the *Zoölogical Record* in 1913, the last year of peace.

✤

THE HUMORS OF WAR

A FORMER officer of the British Field Artillery, Mr. E. A. Dixon, writing in the *Army Quarterly*, a technical military review, gives a very lively and essentially untechnical account of the beginnings of the great German retreat. Mr. Dixon was captured in July, 1918, and — if we may judge from his article — used his eyes to extremely good purpose as a prisoner.

This is his description of the endeavor of the German army to increase its scanty supply of transport: —

> The Germans utilized any sort of French vehicle they could find — cabs, wagonettes, phaetons, and even family coaches and other relics of bygone generations. Great interest was taken in any new find, and any old cart brought to the dump, almost dropping to pieces, was inspected by parties of German officers with as much solemnity as if they were judging fat stock at a Royal Show. Then the cart would be repaired and put on the road. A weird collection of vehicles, therefore, was in use for carrying stores, ammunition, and so forth.
>
> It was a pleasing sight, on the evacuation of the dump, to see the very fat O. C., complete with Iron Crosses and gas mask, being stuffed into a patched-up governess cart, and to note his dignified bearing in these trying circumstances. At a later date, on the outskirts of Laon, an old cab — at which even on a wet night thirty years ago one would not have taken a second glance — came down the road piled up at the back with paper suit-cases, parcels, a chair, several buckets, and so forth, while on the top was one henroost with birds complete! The 'fare' was a much decorated German General, no doubt regretfully leaving a comfortable billet. Even in the hour of retreat nothing could ruffle his majestic demeanor.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Swann's Way, by Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. London: Chatto and Windus, 1922. 2 vols. 15*s*. New York: Holt, $5.00.

['Affable Hawk' in the *New Statesman*]

Swann's Way, by Marcel Proust, translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, is a translation of the first part of M. Proust's continuous novel, *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, which some people consider the finest novel of the twentieth century. M. Proust is a difficult writer, and this translation, which is a very good one, will be a boon to many who have been compelled to talk about the work of M. Proust on the strength of having read from thirty to a hundred of his pages. . . .

Imagine an English author who registers assimilations as small and fine as those of Henry James,— many of which through their unfamiliarity require a long exposure to make a clear impression on the imagination,— and who conveys them in sentences as slow in unfolding as many-petaled flowers, and you will form some notion why M. Proust's novels cannot be read quickly. A great proportion of English readers to whom he might give exquisite pleasure become discouraged by the slowness of their progress with this voluminously minute author. He is, therefore, precisely the kind of author it is worth while to translate, though he is at the same time a fine enough writer to be hard to translate.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Scott-Moncrieff will continue 'Remembrance of Things Past,' for he has surpassed all expectations as a translator, and that a translation of *À L'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleur* will follow *Du Côté de chez Swann* quickly. There are difficulties in the path of the translator of *Sodome et Gomorrhe*. M. Proust is never indecent, but he ignores taboos. Then English readers, no longer compelled to crawl like insects along M. Proust's sentences, will perhaps finish his books, which fewer have done than might be supposed from the frequency and confidence with which his novels are discussed. Being in a position to judge of his works as wholes, they can dip into the originals to taste the full flavor of his style.

Preludes, 1921–1922, by John Drinkwater. London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1922. 3*s*. 6*d*.
Pixies' Plot, by Eden Phillpotts. London: Grant Richards, 1922. 3*s*. 6*d*.

[*Morning Post*]

As Mr. John Drinkwater rings his challenge in the greatest lists of poetry, he cannot be surprised if some of his judges declare him beaten. If he fought in one of the lesser tournaments of that fine art, he might be more successful. In these *Preludes* he treats of love, a mighty theme. Such poetry must burn with the brilliance of a giant blaze, not smoulder through the days like autumn fires. We find none of this in these poems. There is no passion swirling to a height, and falling back again quiescent. There is no moment of poise when the poem breaks into a poet's star and shimmers down to earth. 'Lake Winter,' a tale of illicit love with its tragic ending, should have this spontaneity. Instead, we have a long speech from Zell, the woman, on the need for desire in true love.

'David and Jonathan' is no whit better. The Bible tells us that they loved as brothers. Mr. Drinkwater makes a philosophic argument the basis of their love. David, a mere boy, ratifies the covenant of their affection in many lines, when we think he would have been sleeping after his fight with Goliath. 'Burning Bush' is a poem on the love of nature that comes to the poet in the hours before his birth, but there are no flashes of observation that seal a line with the impression of some object keenly, vividly felt.

We know that Mr. Eden Phillpotts has written of the deepest and most tragic happenings of man. In his poetry, apparently, he seeks relaxation. 'Pixies' Plot' and the other poems are culled from the garden of his experience and lightly plucked. There are legends pleasantly told, as in 'Jill Bassett' and 'The Seven Maidens,' and a very happy picture of the sun as fox and the moon and stars as hounds and huntress in 'The Hunting.' 'To Anthea's Bosom' has a touch of Elizabethan conceit. These are pleasant poems, although they contain nothing that Mr. Phillpotts has not done better in his novels.

[The title poem appeared in the *Living Age* for January 7. and another poem this week.]

Many Voices, by E. Nesbit. London: Hutchinson, 1922. 4*s*. 6*d*.

[*New Statesman*]

You will feel, as you turn the pages of this elegantly attired volume, that there is much in it which you have heard before. The poems do not present any new philosophy, any new attitude, or even any new rhythms. Nevertheless, if you are heartily sick of immature irony and dandified egoism and everything else which the twentieth century means when it uses the word 'youth' — if you are bored by the modern poetry of self-revelation, this book will refresh you. It is always sincere, and the level of achievement never sinks

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low enough to exasperate you. One is not likely to forget 'licked with gold' as a description of buttercups; and if the first stanza of 'At Parting' were only equal to the second, the poem would be comparable to a Cavalier lyric in the close-bit brevity of its devotion, and we should say that it had taken Lucasta nearly three centuries to write her answer to Lovelace.

['E. Nesbit' is the pen name of Mrs. Hubert Bland. Her poem, 'At Parting,' appears on A Page of Verse in this issue.]

Outspoken Essays. Second Series, by W. R. Inge. London: Longmans, 1922. 6*s*.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE Dean of St. Paul's is a national institution, whom Englishmen do not admire the less because he cloaks his fundamental sympathy with them under so stiff a mantle of disdain. Whom the Lord loves he chastens: the Dean, who chastens us, we love; and his asperity and acerbity do not impose upon us. The Englishman, in spite of many crimes of character, of which he will be newly conscious as he sets down Dean Inge's new volume, has yet this virtue, that he is sensitive to atmospheres. He cannot, therefore, go far with Dean Inge without recognizing in him an unusually tender-hearted man, who protects himself, as many others have learned to do, by loudly and severely proclaiming his discontents. It is not generally an agreeable expedient, and it is seldom a very helpful one; but in Dean Inge's hands it is both helpful and agreeable, far more so, we can imagine, to his readers than to himself: helpful, because his severity is directed by the keenest perspicacity, and agreeable, because it is often when he is most violent that he shows most wit.

The Making of Australia, by Thomas Dunbabin. ('Making of the British Empire Series.') London: Black, 1922. 10*s*. 6*d*.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THIS book is an admirable textbook of Australian history. I notice that it is designed for the student of colonial history — a new type of student to me. Does this mean that at last the youth of this country is to be taught something of the Empire of which he is a citizen? I hope so, and that many of them will begin on Mr. Dunbabin's book.

Voltaire, by the Right Honorable J. M. Robertson. London: Watts, 1922. 3*s*. 6*d*.

[*Saturday Review*]

To write a small book on a great subject, neglecting no essential aspect and dwelling to excess on no favorite part, is a considerable feat — and Mr. Robertson has performed it well in the 122 pages in which he gives a summary of the life, work, and character of the most extensive of all men of letters.

In any case, he was a very great writer, in his own sphere one of the greatest. Mr. Robertson deals thoughtfully with as much of the immense œuvre as he can bring into focus in his little volume, which is an invaluable guide to a traveler who proposes to himself a series of excursions in that vast district. The ordinary reader can hardly hope in these busy days to master the huge product of Voltaire, but he cannot afford to leave unread *Candide* and he will be wise to skim the *Essai sur les Mœurs*. These may lead him on to *Zadig* and to the *Siècle de Louis XIV*. He will still hardly have touched the hem of the garment of the most voluminous of authors, but, if he wishes to proceed further, Mr. Robertson will help him.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED

BENSON, A. C. *The Reed of Pan.* London: Murray. Translations from the Greek into English lyrical verse.

CHESTERTON, G. K. *The Man Who Knew Too Much.* London: Cassell. Just published but not yet reviewed. The hero, Horne Fisher, is given the task of solving riddles of crime. Mr. Chesterton apparently intends to follow up the success of the *Father Brown* stories.

HOBSON, R. L. *The Wares of the Ming Dynasty.* London: Benn Brothers. For early publication. The author is a member of the British Museum staff.

OMAN, SIR CHARLES. *The Unfortunate Colonel Despard.* London: Edward Arnold. A volume of essays to be published in December, described by the publishers as 'by-paths of history.' One essay deals with 'Rumor in Time of War.'

WEBB, SIDNEY and BEATRICE. *The Decay of Capitalist Civilization.* London: The Fabian Society. November publication.

BOOKS MENTIONED

COUDENHOVE-KALERGI, RICHARD NIKOLAUS. *Apologie der Technik.* Leipzig: Der Neue-Geist-Verlag, 1922.

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN. *The Coming of the Fairies.* London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1922. (Second Edition) 12*s*. 6*d*.

GREBENSTCHIKOV, GEORGE. *V Nekotorom Tsarstve.* Paris: J. Povolozky and Co., 1921.

POSTGATE, J. P. *Translation and Translations.* London: Bell, 1922. 6*s*.

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An interview with Zanella, the refugee President of Fiume, reveals the seamy side of Fascisti 'direct action.' Now that this party is in the saddle in Italy, such information is especially pertinent. And we all have an interest in the fate of Fiume, after its brief appearance in the international spotlight during the Paris Conference and the D'Annunzio episode.

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M. Lafue brings home to us the state of affairs in Poland, though perhaps with the exaggerations of his Royalist bias against Republican institutions. The air of that country is still ringing with its cries for independence, and some will question the political sagacity of a people so many of whom cannot read and will not wash. To them, and to the ardent lovers of Poland, who seek fuller understanding of her present difficulties, this article will be very welcome.

* * *

We have already formed an acquaintance with Trotskii, the essayist, who continues to play this rôle in the concluding description of his Spanish travels. But a story from the pen of Giovanni Papini is new to us. An account of this former agnostic, who has recently returned to the faith of his fathers, appeared in the LIVING AGE, last year.

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European intrigue and diplomacy are given quite an airing, this week. "Making War and Peace" shows Austria in the position of the unsuccessful peacemaker, and much of its importance lies in the light it throws in the dark corners of diplomatic history, during the Great War.

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Professor Foerster characterizes as the most powerful impulse in Europe, an impetuous, undying desire to return to Asia, her great mother continent. When brought to bear on the Eastern question, this theory illuminates current and past history alike.

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When an erstwhile supporter of the Kaiser powerfully exhorts his countrymen to support the Republic, it suggests that the present government in Berlin is beginning to take real root in the heart of the people. This, and the preceding article, convey a more definite idea of the true state of Germany than any second-hand report can furnish.

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